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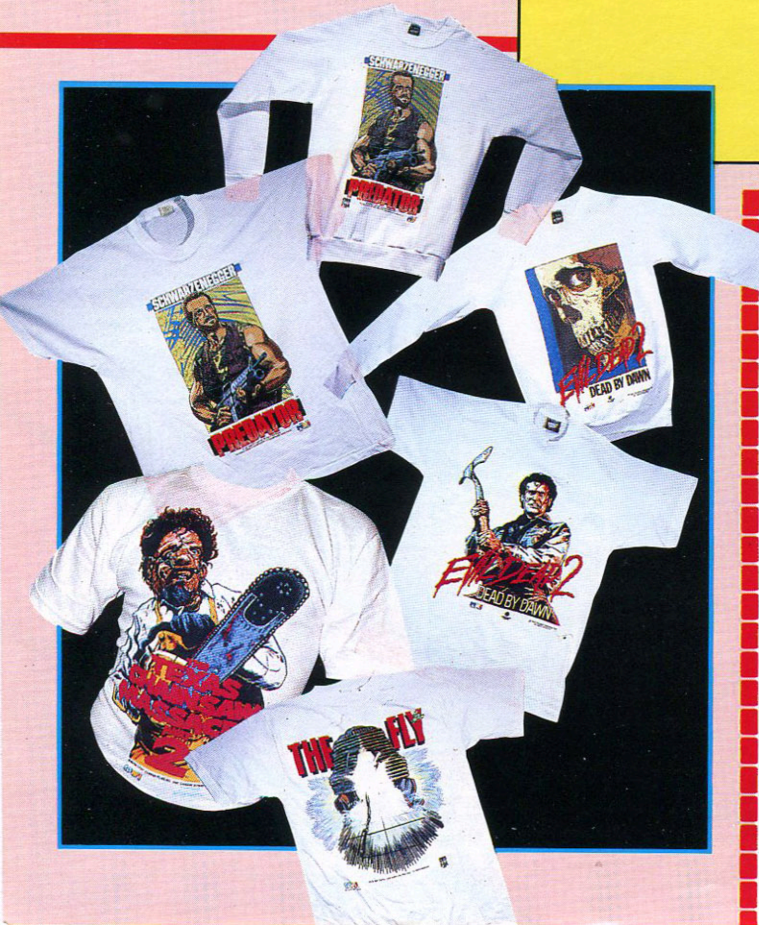
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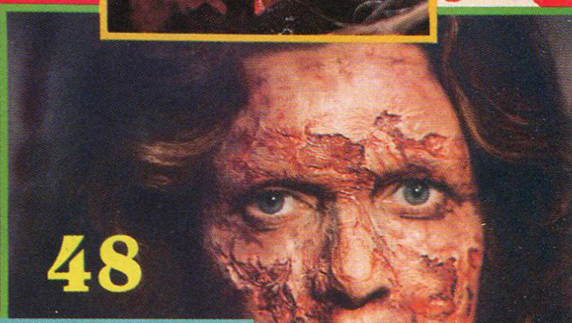

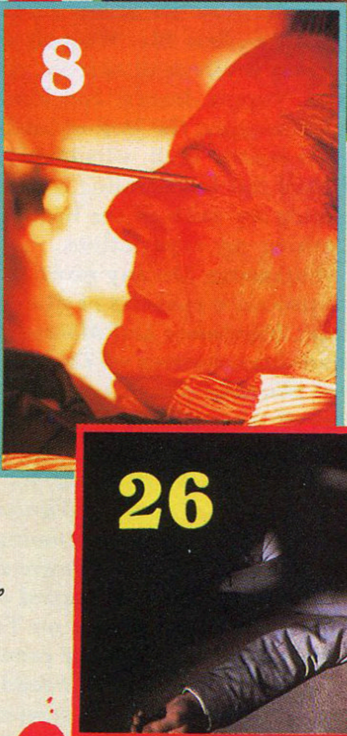

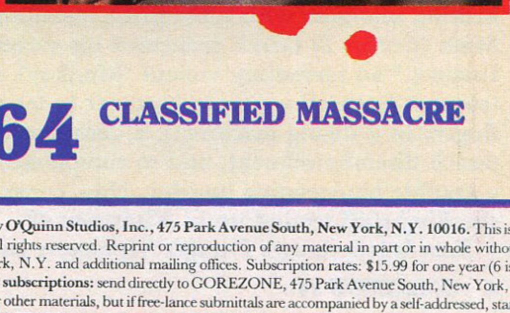

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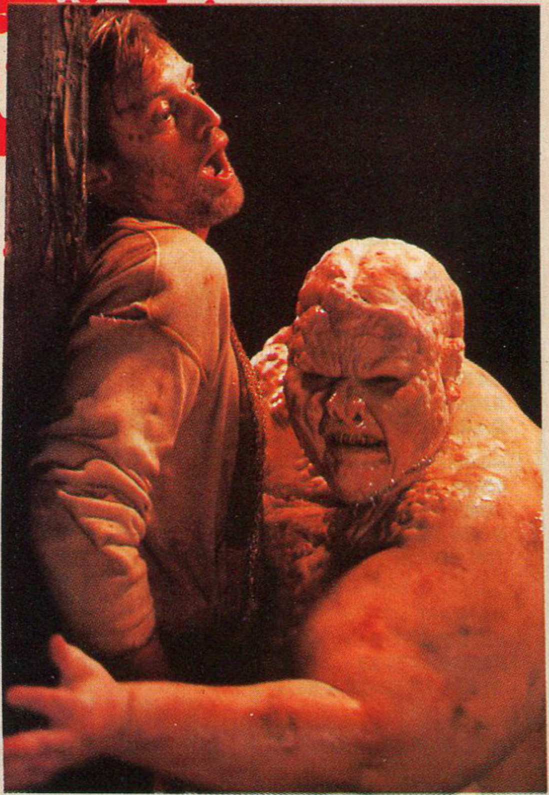
BLOOD FEST



Check out *Monsters*. It's the best horror show on TV.

TERRORVISION

I abandoned watching network TV about a decade ago. I grew tired of the endless Mr. Whipple and Burger King commercials, brain-dead sitcoms, disease-of-the-week TV movies, yuppie dramas and Joan Collins. Most of all, I bemoaned the lack of intelligent attempts at small-screen terror. Well, whaddaya know, TV terror redeemed itself last fall, landing in first-run syndication and renewing my faith in the boob tube, or at the very least, raising my expectations.

It's nothing short of amazing. On any given Saturday, I can catch premiere episodes of *Friday the 13th: The Series*, *Freddy's Nightmares* and *Monsters*, in addition to the watered-down horrors of *The Twilight Zone* and cable's *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* and *The Hitchhiker*. The quality of these anthology shows is rarely consistent, but thanks to the lack of network censorship, they take more creative risks and they're bloody. *Real* bloody, in the case of *Freddy's Nightmares*.

I disdained the idea of Freddy Krueger coming to television, especially after the wimpy *Nightmare 4*. The pilot episode, "No More Mr. Nice Guy," turned out worse than I expected, much worse. Shame on Tobe Hooper (!) for completely botching the hour premiere, which lamely attempted to tell the story of Freddy's burning. Miraculously, *Freddy's Nightmares* started kicking into gear with subsequent installments. Director Mick (*Critters 2*) Garris redeemed his career with "Killer Instinct," an incredibly violent "Monkey's Paw"-type tale that featured a dismemberment (a fat guy loses his fingers in a slicing machine!), a decapitation, a karate-punch disembowelment, and to complement these 3 Ds, a graphic bludgeoning murder. How come none of this shocking stuff wound up in *Nightmare 4*?

Ken Wiederhorn's *Freddy's Nightmares* contribution, "Freddy's Tricks and Treats," continued the series' gruesome trend with a nasty eye gouge and a fairly explicit autopsy. Even with the splatter, the show still needs help in the writing department, and Robert Englund must find something better to do than crack tired jokes. It's still the goriest show on TV; catch it before the inevitable critical backlash heats up.

Friday the 13th: The Series almost made a fan out of me last year when David Cronenberg helmed the powerful segment "Faith Healer." For the most part, though, it's tough to get over the series' hokey premise. Why won't those vapid leads turn for outside help in tracking down the cursed objects? Actually, *Friday the 13th* would work better if they dropped Jack, Micki and Ryan altogether. However, I did enjoy season two's "Heads I Live, Tails You Die." It boasted maggot-mouthed reanimated corpses and nasty Satanists. Spooky atmosphere, too.

My money's riding on Laurel's *Monsters* as the year's best anthology show, even though their *Tales from the Darkside* rarely begged for a second viewing. This time Laurel luckily came up with a better formula, a monster-of-the-week extravaganza (shades of the classic *Outer Limits*). Putting the disgrace of *Creepshow 2* behind him, director Michael Gornick turned in an outstanding job on the *Monsters* pilot, "The Feverman." With FX greats Dick Smith (as creative consultant), Carl Fullerton, Neal Martz and the Chiodo brothers handling the assorted creeps, and with FX artists Mark Shostrom (see page 24), Ernie Farino and Greg Cannom *directing* too, *Monsters* deserves to go far. Perhaps TV isn't such a vast wasteland after all.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

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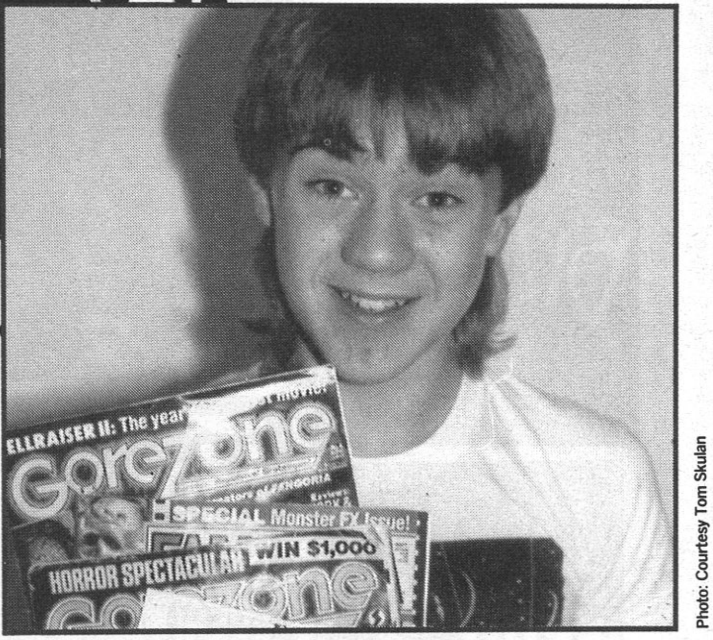

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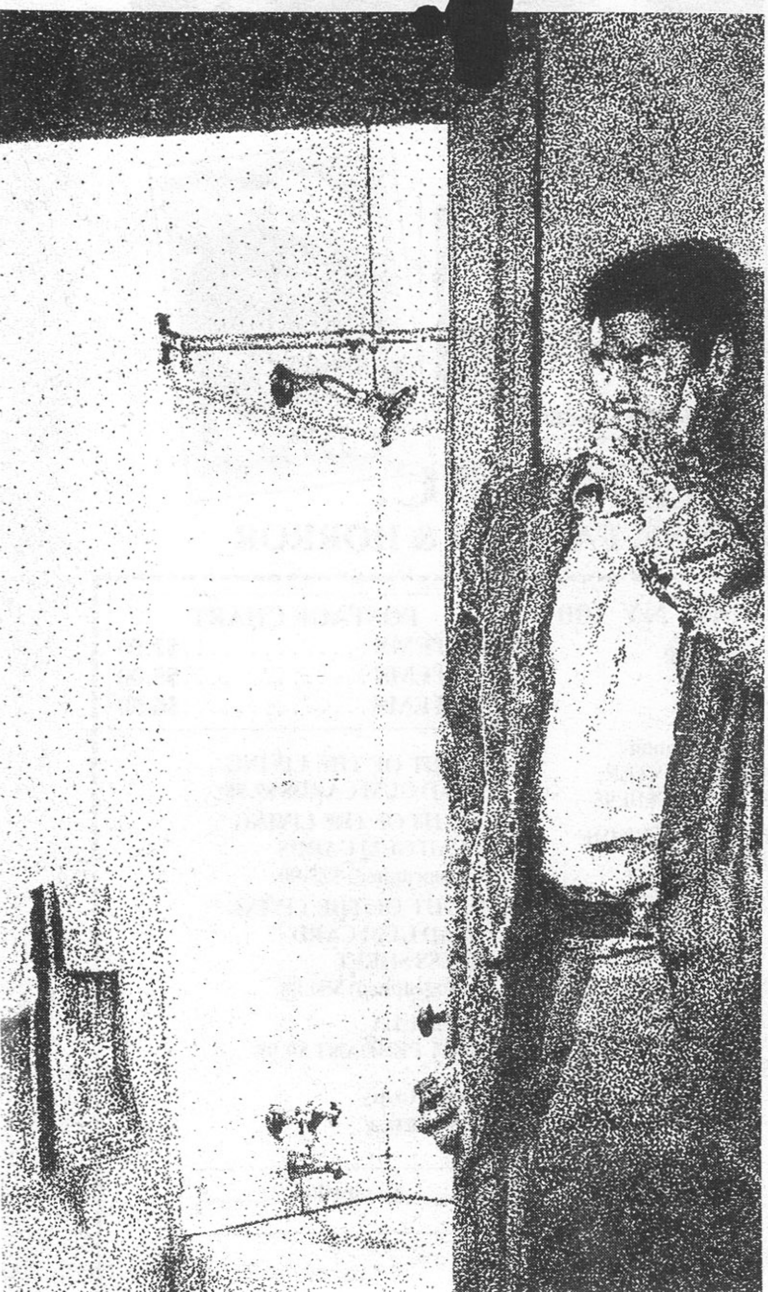

Art: Peter Weller

Congratulations to Russell Challenger (no relation to Space Shuttle), the young lad who won $1,000 in the FantaCo Contest (GOREZONE #1). You can stock up on lots of back issues now, Russ.

"BRAIN DAMAGE" BOFFO!

. . . First off: Hooray for *Brain Damage*! After *Basket Case*, I wasn't quite sure, but now I am positive that Frank Henenlotter is one of the greatest low-budget horror filmmakers around. Too bad the film had such an indifferent ad campaign. Though it bombed at the box office, this certainly does not reflect on its quality or Henenlotter's ability as a director. *Muchas gracias*, Frank.

Second, I was one of the idiots who neglected to obtain a copy of Uncle Bob's *Brain Damage* novelization while it was available. Will it ever be published by a "mainstream" paperback house?

Kenneth English
Mesquite, TX

As of this writing, the only way to obtain a copy of Brain Damage *by Robert Martin is to send $25 (it would only have cost $15 if you'd acted sooner, folks) to Broslin Press, PO Box 1711, Hoboken, NJ 07030.*

TAKE THAT, BALUN!

. . . As one of the publishers of the "guttersniping fanzines" Chas. Balun referred to in his column in GOREZONE #4, I must take exception with his analysis of the problem. He is exactly correct when he brings in names like Mario Bava and Dario Argento to compare to the early American slasher films. The only problem is that most markets did not even know of those artists' films until the video revolution. We may have read about them, but seeing them was a different matter. The slasher films after *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th* have been on a steady downhill ride due to greedy filmmakers and distributors, and the ever-present MPAA ratings. Genre fans have a right to be fed up with the quality and FX of slasher films during the last few years. They give us big promises and hype, but no delivery. Balun should have concentrated on the people responsible for these rip-offs and not reflected on past successes. The fans of today are interested in what comes to their local theaters, where they are constantly getting ripped off. It's true, the better slasher films are on video from several years ago, and that's the problem.

I would like to see an article on the filmworld people that are the most responsible for the downward trend of slasher film quality. The subgenre is still there, ready for any quality filmmaker and distributor to jump in. The fans have been waiting long enough.

Rod Sims
Publisher/Editor,
The Gorefrest
10026 Hawkins Court
Indianapolis, IN 46229

GRACIAS, AMIGOS!

. . . Please, please, please have

more articles by Skipp & Spector. The article in GOREZONE #3 was by far my favorite to date. I also love Piece O' Mind. How about giving Balun more space to write?

And yes, I won't let you down—I'm sticking in my two cents about the posters. First of all, don't print the posters back-to-back. In issue #2 I wanted both the Jason and *Critters* posters. If you are going to do that, you might as well delete them from the magazine. If you are set on keeping them, put them in addition to the 66 pages.

By the way, what is SASE?

Mike Bennewitz
Fremont, CA

SASE stands for self-addressed stamped envelope, which should be enclosed with any professional correspondence that expects a response.

...I hold in my hands the great third issue of GOREZONE. The melting face on the cover was calling out to me, "Frank, here I am! Buy me!"

So I did. No complaints, really, nothing but praise. I like the fact that where horror movies are concerned, you tell it like it is. I am sure you've made enemies.

Frank Day
4830 S. Elati
Englewood, CO 80110

Funny you should mention enemies, Frank. Take a gander at the next letter.

OUCH! THAT HURTS!

...I confiscated your trashy GOREZONE magazine from a student in my sixth grade class today. I am filled with absolute disgust that you publish such *filth*! I tore the magazine to *shreds* in front of class, and I threw the pieces into the fireplace and watched it burn when I arrived home.

It is obvious that you publish such filth with the intention of making a profit, at the cost of warping little children's minds. You are truly sick!

I think your trashy magazine should be against the law.

Brenda Crews
Scottsboro, AL

Thanks for sharing your kind words and sunshine. It's comforting to know that, in a nation with a soaring illiteracy rate, you get away with calling yourself a "teacher" while discouraging kids from reading.

If the student involved in this incident could get in touch with us to tell his side of the story, we'd like to hear it.

CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY!

...I finally bought GOREZONE #1 and I was disgusted. Tony, your mag is destined to follow in the footsteps of *Monster World*. This is an exact copy of Fango! Admit it: Almost every section of GORECLONE (uh, I mean GOREZONE) you can find in Fango.

Let me prove my case. The four posters? You get 10 in the FANGORIA POSTER MAGAZINE. The reviews and video news? Dr. Cyclops spits out that info just as well. The new FX coverage? Fango does it also, and in more depth. You say the profiles of horror stars is a new idea? Wrongo. Fango has loads and loads of interviews and profiles with everyone in the horror business. HorrorScope a new idea? Fango covers soon-to-be-releases in Monster Invasion.

What I'm trying to say is that GOREZONE is just FANGORIA with a new name. Piece O' Mind and the fiction are good, but instead of making a whole new magazine with two new ideas, why didn't you just add onto Fango, huh? It would have made the greatest "Horror in Entertainment" mag even better.

Nate Izod
Basking Ridge, NJ

It's fairly obvious that you've only read the first issue. Thanks for your input, though.

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A schoolteacher and her Alabama Gestapo question another GOREZONE reader.

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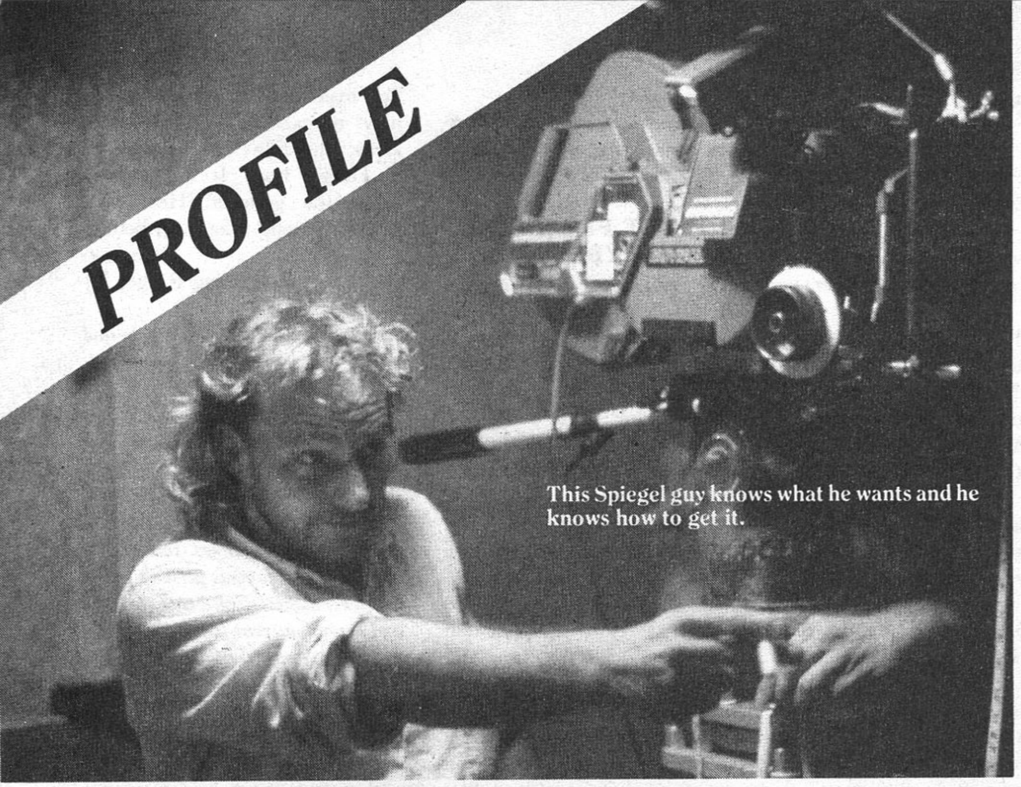


This Spiegel guy knows what he wants and he knows how to get it.

THOU SHALT KILL. . . Period

By CHAS. BALUN

"I tried to make [Intruder] different. I mean, a guy's head gets crushed in a trash compactor. Pretty grim, man."

Actor, writer, producer, director. Fake Shemp, practical joker, devoted horror fan, and close personal friend to both Sam Raimi and Bruce Campbell—known 'em both since junior high school, as a matter of fact. His previous film credits include *Evil Dead II* (as co-writer and actor), *Thou Shalt Not Kill. . . Except* (co-writer, producer) and *The Dead Next Door* (actor). He's currently in postproduction on *Intruder*, his feature film directorial debut that co-stars old chums Sam and Ted Raimi and Bruce Campbell; it sports the FX talents of Greg Nicotero, Howard Berger and Bob Kurtzman (Savini's crew on *Day of the Dead*).

"I'm certainly the happiest guy on the block," he gushes. "I've dreamed of this since I was a kid." Meet 29-year-old Scott Spiegel, a rabidly enthusiastic, multitalented fan with an encyclopedic knowledge of genre minutiae and an undisguised love for monsters, zombies and things that go splat in the night. In other words, he's exactly the kind of guy who *should* be directing horror films. He never apologizes and doesn't refer to his films as "suspense thrillers," "shock melodramas with a dark side," or "action with horror overtones." Nope, he's proud of the fact that his films go for the jugular. Spiegel's bubbling, infectious spirit and unabashed devotion to his work is indeed a welcome respite from the traitorous whinings of recent genre poseurs who've gone on record as somehow ashamed, embarrassed or downright apologetic about their work in horror films.

"I love 'em, I grew up with 'em and I want to keep making 'em," beams Spiegel. "All kinds: sci-fi aliens from outer space, psycho trips like *Halloween*, H.P. Lovecraft demon stuff, the disgusting putrescent things from out of the ground—you know, the gore the merrier." Spiegel pauses for a quick breath during his rapid-fire response and then says simply, "You put your heart into it. If not, *why* are you doing the job?"

Despite the fact that *Intruder* (formerly *Night Crew: The Final Checkout*) is Spiegel's feature film debut as a director, he's been a filmmaker since he was 10 years old, working mostly in Super 8 and employing local talent like the Raimi brothers, Campbell and himself. (Vigilant, obsessive genre connoisseurs will remember that a 30-minute Super 8 opus titled *Within the Woods* was the precursor to Raimi's original *Evil Dead*.) "We couldn't get anybody else in our movies, so we did it and we ended up liking it," Spiegel explains. "Sam and I have always used Teddy [Raimi] in our films. I mean, he was 5 years old when he started. We did a couple of horror mixes, but we made mostly comedies in school. I did a really early one called *Night in a Sanitarium*, which had Dracula and the Wolf Man. I spliced in footage of Christopher Lee from *Taste the Blood of Dracula*. It worked really good.

"Then I did a black-and-white Hitler spoof called *I'll Never Heil Again*," Spiegel continues. "I wrote a story around all this stock footage from everywhere—*War of the Worlds*, anything. It blew everybody away in its time." Other Super 8 titles in the Spiegel oeuvre include *James Bombed*, *Attack of the Helping Hand*, *The Jimmy Hoffa Story*, *Cleveland Smith: Bounty Hunter* and *Toro, Toro, Toro!* (The latter two shorts can be seen in the compilation video feature, *Film House Fever*.)

After a solid apprenticeship served in and around the Detroit area, Spiegel served notice that he was a cult filmmaker to be reckoned with when *Thou Shalt Not Kill. . . Except* (1985) opened to enthusiastic reviews from cult fans and genre critics alike. Shot over a grueling 4-month period for less than $300,000, the film followed a long, rocky road on its way to an eventual theatrical release by Film World Distributors in 1987. "Vestron had originally expressed interest, but after a 'film package' deal fell through, they decided they were not going to release it. Then Troma came in. Finally, our agent said to forget it," Spiegel remembers.

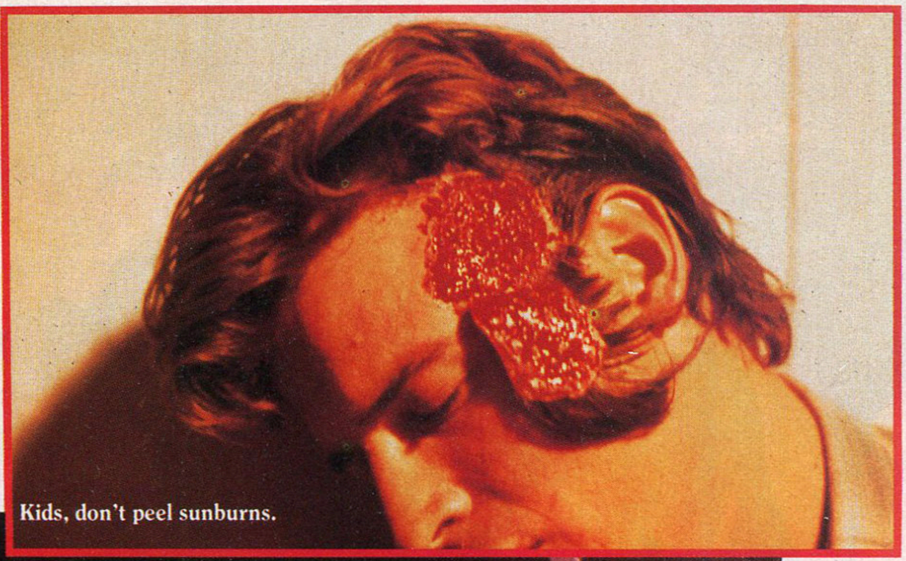
Reaction to the film wasn't helped by the fact that numerous potential distributors walked out on the film during a particularly twisted barf gag. "At screenings, it always got the biggest reaction," Spiegel admits. "A bunch of people got up and walked out. 'It's too offensive.' Sam and Bruce and I said, 'No! Keep it in.' " The Detroit Gang lost this round, though; the director's parents were executive producers and they didn't like it either, so gone is the splendiferous sight of two quarts of chunky barfola cascading down a biker's face after he puts on his just-puked-in helmet.

Thou Shalt Not Kill . . . Except is a frequently exhilarating, gory little mother catalyzed by a quirky, over-the-top performance from Sam Raimi as the Cult Leader. When a crazed Manson-like family attacks, kidnaps and tortures some decent folks (even stooping so low as to barbecue a pet dog on a stick), well, you know it's time for the flick's ad copy to kick in: "When violence demands revenge." The mutant family is cleaned up by a crew of Vietnam vets who don't take prisoners. It's a bloodbath reminiscent of Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*.

The story is by director Josh Becker, Sheldon Lettich and Bruce Campbell. (Lettich, incidentally, is a Vietnam vet whose documentary short, *Fire Fight*, was used in the film's prologue. Lettich shared a writer's credit with Sylvester Stallone on *Rambo III*.) Spiegel co-wrote the screenplay with Becker and produced the film during the time he was also writing *Evil Dead II* with Sam Raimi. Despite delivering the goods for horror/action/splatter fans, Spiegel feels the film "suffers from 'whatisitness.' It's too broad in scope," he says, "with a bad title. We should've stuck with *Stryker's War*. Then it would've said just what it is." Spiegel cites source material like, "*The Hills Have Eyes*, absolutely. *Helter Skelter*, too; that Steve Railsback was a scary sonofabitch."

Spiegel recalls the actual production time in an anxious, unsettled tone. "Having to go out on location everyday was a nightmare, a numbing experience," he says. "When you're on a low, low budget with a neophyte crew, you forget things. We had to send somebody clear across town because we were so far out of it. We overextended ourselves, it was real tough. Keep low-budget films in one location, like *Evil Dead*."

As mentioned before, Spiegel was busy producing *Thou Shalt Not Kill* during the time he and Raimi were becoming involved with the script for *Evil Dead II*. "We spent a lot of time with *Evil Dead II* trying to get it as wild and wacky as possible. That's the way Sam and I write," grins Spiegel. "It takes a long, long time. I've got a focus my time now. I had trouble with *Evil Dead II* because of *Thou Shalt Not Kill*. I like to give 100 percent to each and every project."



Kids, don't peel sunburns.

***Intruder* clues us in on one of Sam Raimi's hangups.**

Photo: Copyright KNB EFX Group

***Thou Shalt Not Kill. . . Except* left some questions unanswered, like: Is this guy really dead?**

Photo: The Darkroom

Owwwww! These FX shots are painful. This one gives even us editors trouble sleeping.

Spiegel earned his first screen credit co-writing the *Evil Dead II* script with buddy Sam Raimi.

Welcome to the deli counter. Today's special is head cheese, $1.50 a pound.

Photo: Copyright 1986 Mark Shostrom

Spiegel was on the set for about a week, playing one of the by-now famous Fake Shemps as well as one of the knights in shiny plastic and foam armor. "At the end, I'm the guy right next to Sam when he raises his visor. It was so hot in those suits! We were in a quarry, it was 105 degrees. It was a horrifying experience," Spiegel recalls, though he knows there are roughly 115,000 readers out there who would've gladly traded places with him.

Also included in this sequence is the spectacular gag involving Bruce Campbell and a falling car, both tumbling to earth after spinning through a time warp. "We had a giant rig, and we timed it so the car and Bruce would hit at the same time. It was very scary and everybody was nervous. It was an incredibly dangerous stunt," Spiegel shudders. "In order to release the car, they stuck some M-80s or half a stick of dynamite in there and it went off. *Blam!* Everybody freaked out; nobody knew what was going on. We thought it was a mistake. We should've been warned about the noise." The on-set mayhem and crew confusion led to the necessity of a second take, though this time the car looked like it had already been dropped from a skyscraper. "The car was smashed up," sighs Spiegel, "but I guess you can't see it 'cause it's moving so fast."

We now leave the cozy environs of demonically possessed forest cottages and broiling rock quarries to the relative normality of a suburban Southern California supermarket preparing for a going-out-of-business sale. Spiegel has moved out west and brought with him Sam, Ted and Bruce from the old neighborhood to co-star in *Intruder*, a slasher film with a vengeance currently undergoing its final postproduction touches. In addition to directing, Spiegel co-wrote the original story with producer Lawrence Bender and penned the screenplay.

"Sam's part of the night crew, and so is Teddy," Spiegel begins eagerly. "Sam's role is not as pivotal as it was in *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, though. Here he's gotta play a character, not a caricature. Bruce comes in at the end as a cop and saves the day," Spiegel reveals, though not before an impressive body count has been racked up. An ex-boyfriend (David Burns) comes to the store the night they're preparing for a big closeout sale and confronts his girl. He's just been released from prison for killing a guy in a bar fight, so he's not exactly in a playful mood when she tells him to get lost. A fight ensues, and the night crew kicks his ass, and that's that. Well. . . no, not really. Someone starts picking off the crew, one by one, using an assortment of nasty gadgets including trash compactors and a butcher's band saw. "Some of the scenes are excessive in an *Evil Dead* kind of over-the-top way," Spiegel gleefully admits. "There's funny little touches. It's so weird, man, you can saw up a cow or a person and the residue—the blood and stuff—looks the same. You can't tell the difference."

Spiegel has high praise for his entire crew and singles out the FX team of Kurtzman, Nicotero and Berger for providing some marvelously meaty moments of mayhem. "The butcher's saw sequence—man, my stomach was flipping. The script girl was crying up a storm," Spiegel exclaims, gesturing frantically. "The face is pointed up and the saw goes right through the ear, nose and teeth. The saw sucks in the flesh, lips, teeth and gums. The editor can't even look at it to edit it."

The director flashes a toothy grin and offers, "Hopefully, it's got some interesting directorial touches; I tried to make it different. I mean, a guy's head gets crushed in a trash compactor. Pretty grim, man." Spiegel promises "a lot of really cool gore for you folks out there. We're going to have that triple-X version for video release." Yum!

When asked if his film contains any of that cloying, limp-dick-in-cheek humor so popular these days, he declares adamantly, "I *hate* that. They're afraid to go all the way. *Intruder* is straightforward in a *Halloween* kind of way."

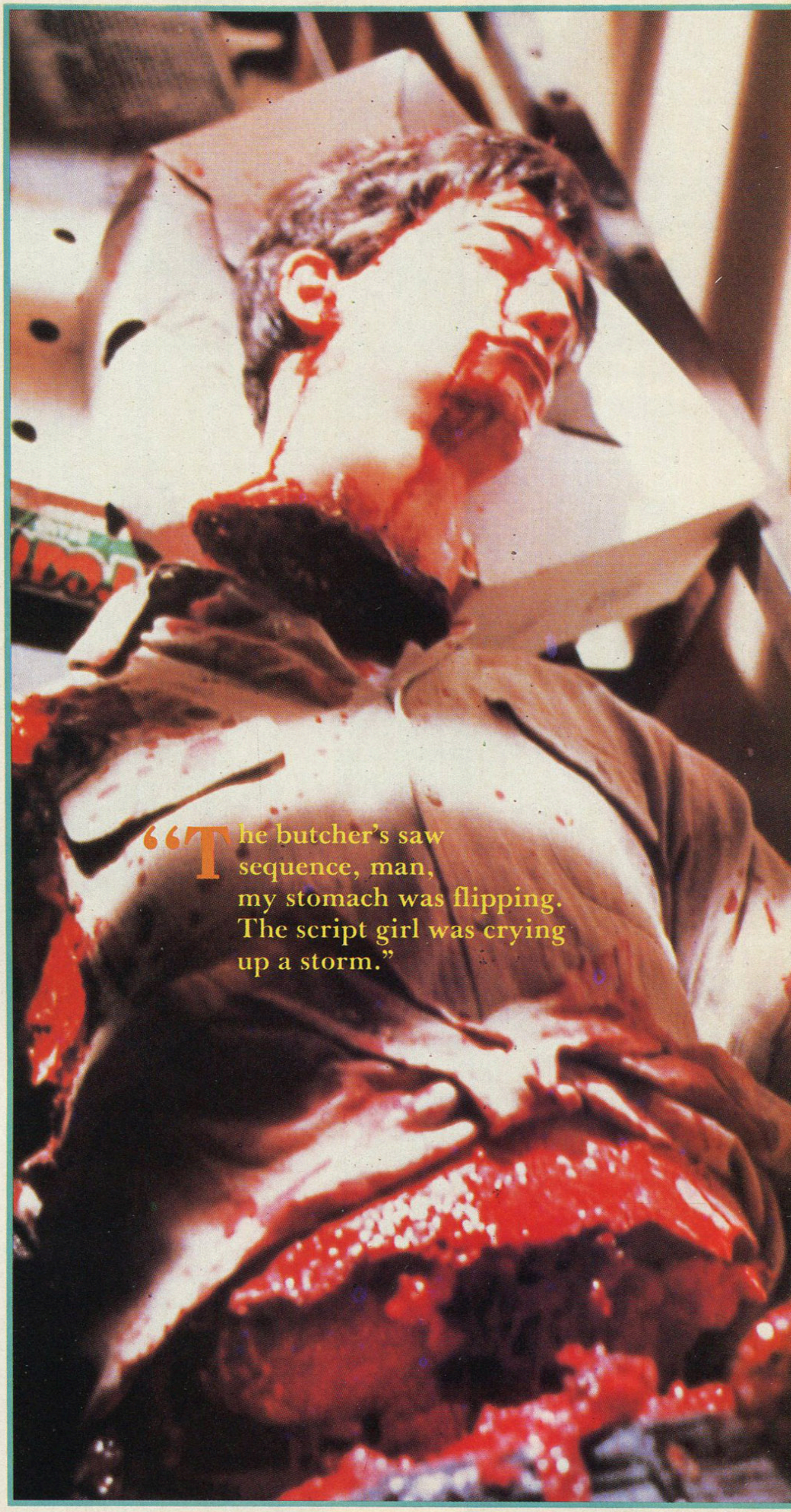
Originally, Spiegel had planned to use both Robert Bloch and Forrest J Ackerman in clever little cameos, but poor timing and a hurried production schedule derailed those noble intentions. "Bloch was going to be purchasing a shower curtain and a large butcher knife as Forry was buying a *Famous Monsters* magazine. Everything got screwed up. Man, I'm really bummed out. Mr. Ed has a cameo, though. We call him Mr. Dead; he's been stuffed."

Shot for just under $500,000, *Intruder* will be released by Paramount Home Video this April. At presstime, several distributors are bidding for theatrical rights, and Spiegel will be entering production on *Witches*, a $3 million horror tale he scripted with Sam Raimi (who will also produce) and Rhet (*976-EVIL*) Topham. Spiegel is currently writing *The Ungrateful Dead* with Bob Muraski, and all he will say about it is that "it takes place at a cemetery." And no, there won't be hippie zombies singing "Uncle John's Band," nor will Jerry Garcia appear in a cameo as a dead therapist at a detox center. Just rumors. Spiegel shrugs off all of these queries rather matter-of-factly. (No wonder, man, he was only 8 years old during the Summer of Love, shee-ish.) He may be returning to Akron, Ohio soon to loop some dialogue for the long-lost *The Dead Next Door* (Fango #62), a zombie splatfest in which he has a "pretty big" part. "They better hurry up and finish it," he muses. "It's the *Robojox* of the low-budget world. It's taking so-o-o long."

As for the possibilities of participation in another installment of what this reporter calls the Third Greatest Zombie Series ever (after Romero's *Dead* and Ossorio's *Blind Dead*, OK?) Spiegel waxes ambivalent about the proposed *Evil Dead III*. "Yeah, *Medieval Dead*," he chuckles. "There is something going on. I love *Evil Dead* movies, and I'd certainly like to co-write it, but. . ." His voice trails off slightly as he reassesses his current status as a filmmaker. "I want to write *and* direct at this point in my career. It was great writing *Evil Dead II* with Sam a few years back 'cause that was the job to have, but now I'm really a director and, hopefully, I'll be doing another picture by then."

Spiegel sees red, and lots of it, for the future. He's obviously having the time of his life, and he's certainly an exemplary case-in-point of a fan's boyhood dreams becoming a reality. Spiegel's a good kid. Trust him; he's one of *us*.

And when he promises *Intruder* will deliver the groceries along with "a bill that'll kill you," you know what? I believe him.



"The butcher's saw sequence, man, my stomach was flipping. The script girl was crying up a storm."

Photos: Courtesy Scott Spiegel

Ted Raimi, famed for his Henrietta performance in *Evil Dead II*, has a relatively easier task in *Intruder*.

DOOM
MADMAN

FICTION

Go—Before My Husband Comes Home!

By JAMES GORDON WHITE

Luck was with Frank Bishop. Sure, he'd been caught after killing that old man at the liquor store in Conroe, but he'd hidden a knife and had slashed the throat of the fat redneck deputy who'd tried to arrest him. They'd finally nabbed him and had put him away for life. Then two days ago he'd grabbed a guard's gun and had shot his way out of that stinking Texas prison. And now he'd made it to the relative safety of the Big Thicket, the thousands of acres remnant, with its forests of oaks and pines, scattered swamps and black-water sloughs, of a dark and menacing tangle of wilderness that once covered more than three million acres of east Texas. In the past, it had sheltered outlaws, moonshiners and an assortment of men who were trying to lose themselves for one reason or another, so it should certainly welcome him.

Yeah, he was a lucky guy, and all he needed now was a hot meal and some hot wheels. And those needs were about to be taken care of. He stood on a wooded hilltop and smelled the jasmine-scented air as he stared down at a car parked in the garage of an isolated farm house, bathed in the bright light of a full moon.

Slipping the pistol from his belt, Frank cautiously made his way down to the house and peered in a lighted window. The sight of a tall young blonde in Levi's shorts and a mid-riff top washing dishes made him suck air through his crooked teeth. He stealthily worked his way to the kitchen door and threw his shoulder against it. It burst open with a loud crash and he rushed inside.

The blonde whirled, startled, a dish falling from her hand and shattering on the floor beside her bare feet. Before she could recover from her surprise, he was on her, wrenching an arm up behind her back, shoving the .38's muzzle into her bare, flat stomach. "I don't wanta have to hurt you none!" he snarled.

Her blue eyes widened with recognition. "You... you're..."

Frank grinned and nodded. "That's right, sugar. I'm Frank Bishop, the escaped con you've seen on the news." He moved the muzzle up under her chin, tilting her head back so that she stared directly into his eyes. "Now tell me straight—who else is here?"

Fear marred her lovely face. "I... I'm alone," she stammered, "but my husband will be home soon."

"You'd better hope not," Frank drawled menacingly, "for his sake." He released her wrist and gave her a shove toward the refrigerator. "Fix me some supper. I ain't eaten for two days." Enjoying her fear and his sense of power, he stood watching while she took things out of the fridge and nervously began cooking his meal.

After she'd finished and had set his steaming plate on the table, he ordered her to sit in a chair opposite him. She hesitantly perched stiffly on the edge of the chair, her long legs pressed together, hands folded primly in her lap. Then he sat and dug into his meal. Her expression said she didn't approve of his sloppy table manners, but he kept right on wolfing his food and didn't even leave a crumb. He fished out his crumpled cigarette pack, lit his last one with his last match and leaned back contentedly. "That was a helluva lot better than prison food," he commented.

The blonde ignored his compliment. "Now will you please go? I promise not to tell anyone you were here."

Frank slammed a palm on the table, rattling his plate and silverware. "Dammit, woman, I'll go when I'm good 'n ready. So you just hush your mouth!" She cringed, a hand going to the silver medallion necklace about her slender neck. The medallion caught the overhead light as she toyed with it nervously and watched him with large rebuked eyes. He ignored her and continued to smoke and plot his next move.

Frank jerked the .38 from his belt and held it up for her to see. "You think he'll win an argument against this?"

Sure, he could take the car and leave, but how far would he get in smelly prison clothes? Two days and nights of outdoor living, sweating during the day and fending off mosquitos and crawling things at night, had sapped his energy. He needed rest and, most of

Art: Madman

all, a long hot shower. He ground out his cigarette in his plate, then stood and moved to the sink.

"W...what are you doing?" she asked, as he searched the cabinets under the sink.

"Looking for something to tie you up with." He found a handful of clothesline and took one of the dish towels hanging over the sink.

She stared up at him uneasily as he approached. "You don't have to do that," she said, shaking her head, "I won't—"

"You're damn right you won't," Frank snapped, " 'cause I ain't giving you the chance." He grabbed her arm, roughly yanked her up and steered her toward the door. "Let's go see how your husband's clothes fit me."

They walked along a short hall, stopped before an open doorway. Frank dragged her inside and flipped the wall switch. The overhead light revealed a large comfortable bedroom. The blonde moved on stilted legs as he led her to a king-sized bed dominating one corner of the room. He smiled, amused, aware of what was racing through her mind. He had the same idea, but it would have to wait a while longer. He sat her down on the bed, dumped the cloth and ropes beside her then went to the closet and rummaged through her husband's clothing. He chose a dark suit coat and looked at himself in the mirror. "Not a bad fit," he said approvingly.

"Take it and anything else you want," the blonde said from the bed, "only please leave."

Frank looked at her reflection in the mirror. "Not so fast, darlin'." He rubbed his stubbled cheeks. "I gotta git cleaned up first. Less chance of the po-lice stopping me if I look like an honest citizen." He returned to the bed, picked up a length of clothesline. "Now it's time to make sure you stay put while I shave and shower." He drew her arms behind her back and began lashing her slim wrists together.

"There isn't time," she objected, squirming. "Just do me up and then go—before my husband comes home!" He ignored her, giving the tight knots his full attention. "He's long overdue!" she insisted.

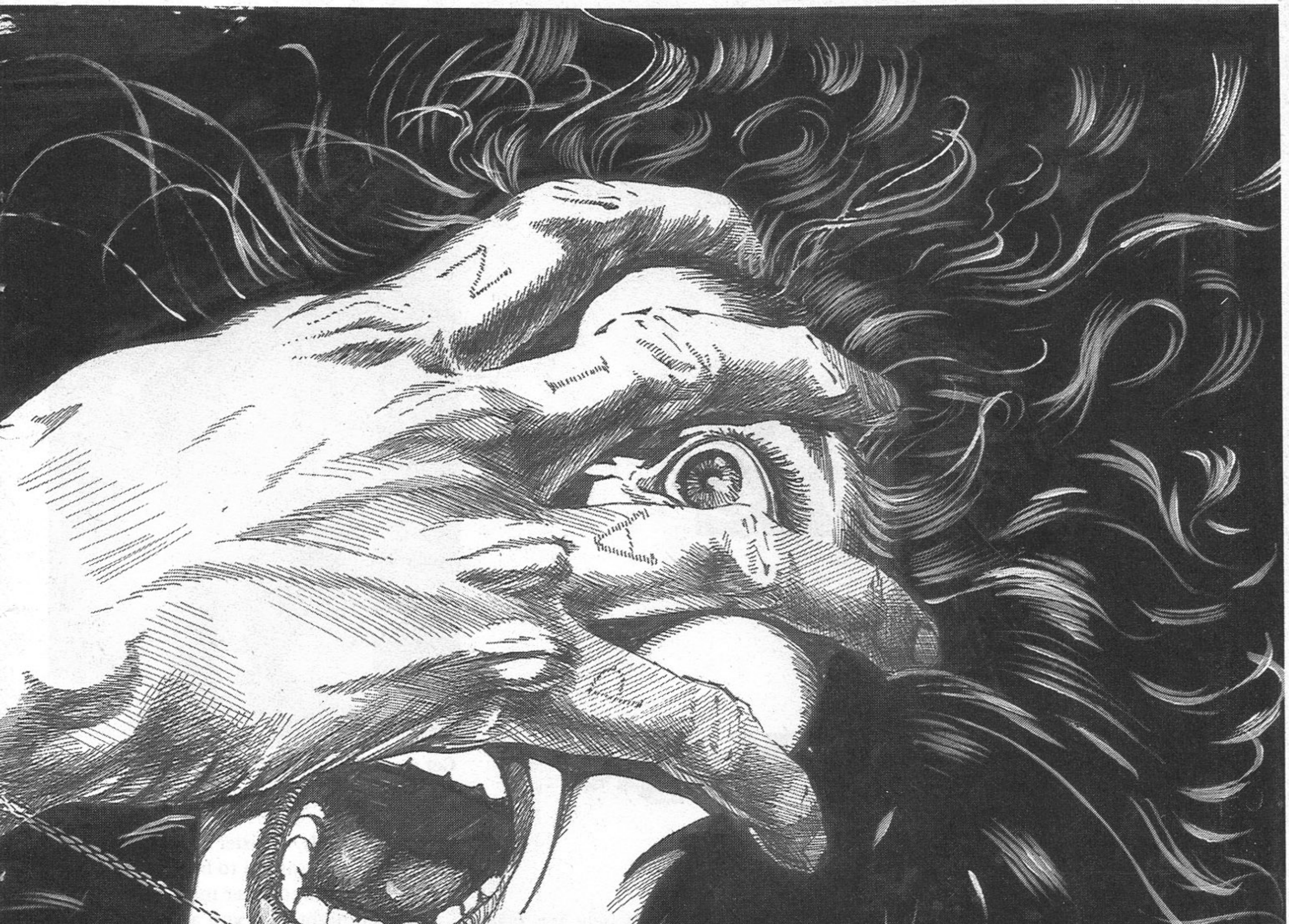
Frank jerked the .38 from his belt and held it up for her to see. "You think he'll win an argument against this?" She recoiled, her eyes riveted on the gun. He was sick of her whining about her husband, so he gagged her before tying her trim ankles. Then he shoved her down on the bed and used the last rope to connect her wrists and ankles together in a taut hogtie. She stared up at him apprehensively, conscious of his eyes and of her vulnerability. He left her and strode to the dresser.

Frank was about to open a drawer, to root about for some clean socks and underwear, when a picture caught his eye. He picked it up. "You been telling me this who I'm supposed to be afraid of?" he asked mockingly, staring at the images of the blonde and a weakly handsome young man whose glasses gave him the appearance of a timid accountant. He started to laugh, but something else in the picture claimed his full attention.

It was a cute blond-haired boy of about 3 or 4.

Frank angrily whirled, pointing at the picture. "So this is why you've been itching to get rid of me. Your kid's here in the house!" She shook her head wildly, her eyes wide and pleading as small mewling sounds escaped her gag. Discarding the picture, Frank stalked to an adjoining door, threw it open, and stepped into a child's room.

He quietly moved to a small bed and stared down at the sleeping blond-haired boy, a teddy bear clutched to his breast, framed in the light of the full moon spilling in through the window. It was a sight to warm a parent's heart, but Frank wasn't a parent—at least, not to his knowledge. He curiously noticed that the



child wore a silver medallion similar to his mother's. Without waking him, Frank locked the window and the other door, then returned to the bedroom.

"Don't worry none," he reassured the frightened blonde, "I just locked him in his room, so he won't bother us if he wakes up." The tension drained from her face and body. He collected a change of clothes then paused in the bathroom doorway and eyed her sternly. "You lay there and don't move a muscle while I'm gone," he ordered. "Or I'll fix you and your kid good. And then I'll wait for your old man and do him too!" Seeing that she was properly intimidated, he went into the bathroom.

(continued on page 65)

Whatever the thing was, it sure set his back teeth on edge.

ZOMBIE
VIDEODROME

Video WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

Get ready for *Son of Frankenstein* in color! Well, sort of.

Franco: The Magic Continues . . .

Some addenda to my Jess Franco retrospective, which concluded last issue. Since finishing the piece, a comprehensive filmography has come into my possession, compiled by John W. Donaldson and Steve Swires. Besides broadening Franco's output to an even *more* unbelievable 160 titles, it corrected me on a couple of counts.

First, Unicorn's *Lady Porno* is not *The Midnight Party*; more precisely, it is *Julietta 69* (1982), of which *The Midnight Party* was a hard-core edition. The French bootleg *Terreur Cannibal* is not Franco's *Macumba Sexual* (which starred a different cast) and may not have been directed by Franco after all. It does contain stock footage from his work, however. Also, I neglected to mention that Trans World's *Man Hunter* is available from Wizard Video as *Mandingo Manhunter*, and Wizard's *The Invisible Dead* is sold as *Orloff Against the Invisible Man* by Sinister Cinema.

If you're tempted to buy cassettes of every film Franco ever made, some new releases might save you a buck or two. American Video has released *Kiss and Kill*, the theatrical version of *Against All Odds* (see Fango #78). Contrary to the 91 minutes promised on the box, it runs only 83 — 10 minutes shorter than the TV version — but it does contain some odd *additional* footage, as well as the fleeting nudity excised from all other editions. No Vaseline lenses here! The cuts eliminate draggy dialogue scenes, improving the film's lethargic pacing.

But the best feature of *Kiss and Kill* is the copy on the back of the box: "The great Christopher Lee explodes in this kung fu classic! Playing a Japanese mercenary, he's intent on righting the evils that roam the land. He's in top form, fighting off his enemies with lots of sizzling high-energy, high-kickin' action! As one of the most exciting films of its genre, *Kiss and Kill* will keep you on the edge of your seat!" Somebody obviously confused Christopher with his brother Bruce.

Be wary, however, of Bingo Video's

***The Night of a Thousand Cats*: Lots of felines and decapitated heads, but where are the missing minutes?**

Photo: Bill George

Kiss of Death ($41.95), which is an entirely different kettle of fish. The content is identical to Republic Video's edition, but the main title has been deleted. The packaging is genuinely attractive but, considering Republic's superior resolution, audio fidelity and price ($39.95), *Kiss of Death* isn't worth it.

American Video is also releasing *Ilsa—Absolute Power*, a retitling of Franco's *Ilsa, the Wicked Warden*. It's not known whether their print will be the uncut version now offered by Cinepix Video, but their cheaper price tag might persuade some GoreZonians to take a gamble. While American Video releases list at $29.95, they often circulate through grocery and department store outlets at a mere $9.95! Their growing catalog also features Mario Bava's *Hatchet for a Honeymoon*.

Meanwhile, Trans World Video makes Franco Mania unanimous with a $49.95 rerelease of *Oasis of the Zombies*, attractively retitled *Blood-Sucking Nazi Zombies*.

RED, WHITE AND GRUESOME

Another recent title change to be wary of: All American Video's *S.S. Experiments, Part 2*. You may have seen this sadistic, leering, incredible catastrophe under the title *S.S. Hell Camp*, as released by Video City. If they can stand looking at the screen long enough, Italian horror fans might recognize some familiar faces. Brad Harris, veteran of a hundred muscleman epics, plays a martyred priest; Alfredo Rizzi of *Terror Creatures from the Grave* and *Bloody Pit of Horror* appears as a resistance fighter; Brigitte Skay, the skinny-dipper from Bava's *Twitch of the Death Nerve*, cameos as a spunky village tart; and the inimitable "Boris Lugosi" of *Frankenstein's Castle of Freaks* plays the insatiable subhuman guinea pig born of Nazi hormonal experimentation. He's credited as "Sal Boris" (which is probably closer to the truth) while the other aforementioned stars receive NO screen credit!

If you think the film itself is tasteless, consider the mentality that distributes a Nazi horror film on "All American Video."

PAWN YOUR EVIL SPAWN

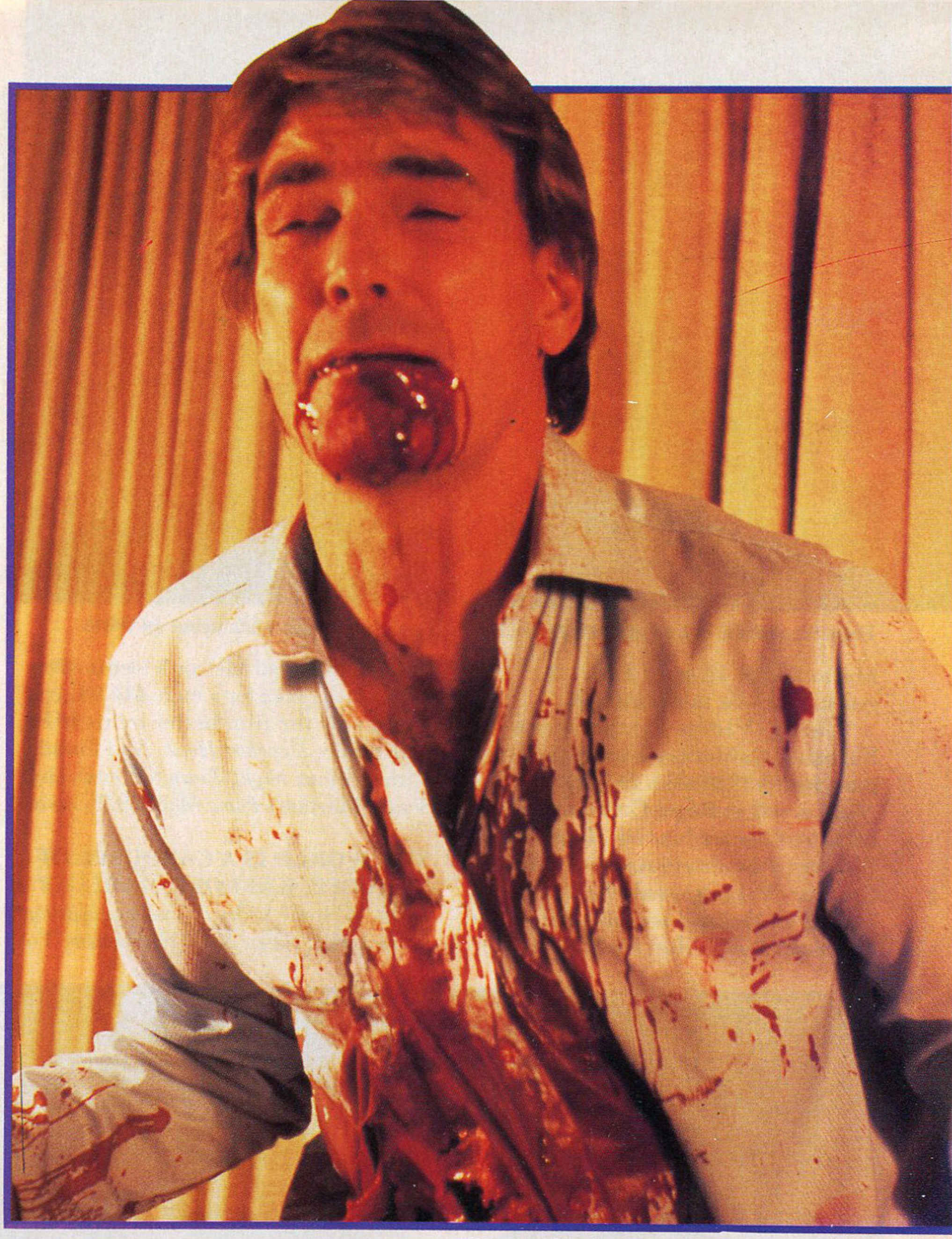
Scream Queen Bobbie Bresee informs us that her unfortunate 1987 release, Camp Video's *Evil Spawn*, just might have a happy ending after all. "The embarrassment of the original version is overwhelming," she writes. She would like her fans to know that director Ken Hall has supervised a new edition of the film, completely reedited and rerecorded, with new scenes, a new musical score and special makeup FX. The film's star describes the result as "thrilling."

So what does this have to do with you, who shelled out $51.95 for the original? In an unprecedented move, Bobbie is inviting—even urging—all owners of the original cassette to mail their copies to her, via Registered Mail, at PO Box 1222, Hollywood, CA 90028. The revised edition of *Evil Spawn* will be taped over your old copy and returned to you—at *no* charge!

COST-CONSCIOUS CHILLS

Following up on a mention in the September column, Goodtimes Home Video—a budget company specializing in VHS-only, LP-speed releases—continues its crusade to make horror classics more affordable. Goodtimes recently struck a distribution agreement with RCA/Columbia Home Video, securing the rights to a number of important releases heretofore priced in the $60 range: Ray Harryhausen's *It Came from Beneath the Sea*, Jacques Tourneur's *Curse of the Demon* (in its original 95-minute length), the fine Boris Karloff programmer *The Man They Could Not Hang*, *Mothra*, and the little-seen French comedy *Dracula and Son*, starring Christopher Lee. Each tape was struck from original 35mm negatives and recorded in hi-fi, so they look and sound beautiful, although they aren't in the SP mode.

Vintage Video of Rahway, New Jersey—"a division of Amvest Video Corp."—has issued OK-looking budget cassettes of Amicus' *Horror Hotel* and



Disgusted with your copy of *Evil Spawn*? Now you can return it for *The Special Edition*.

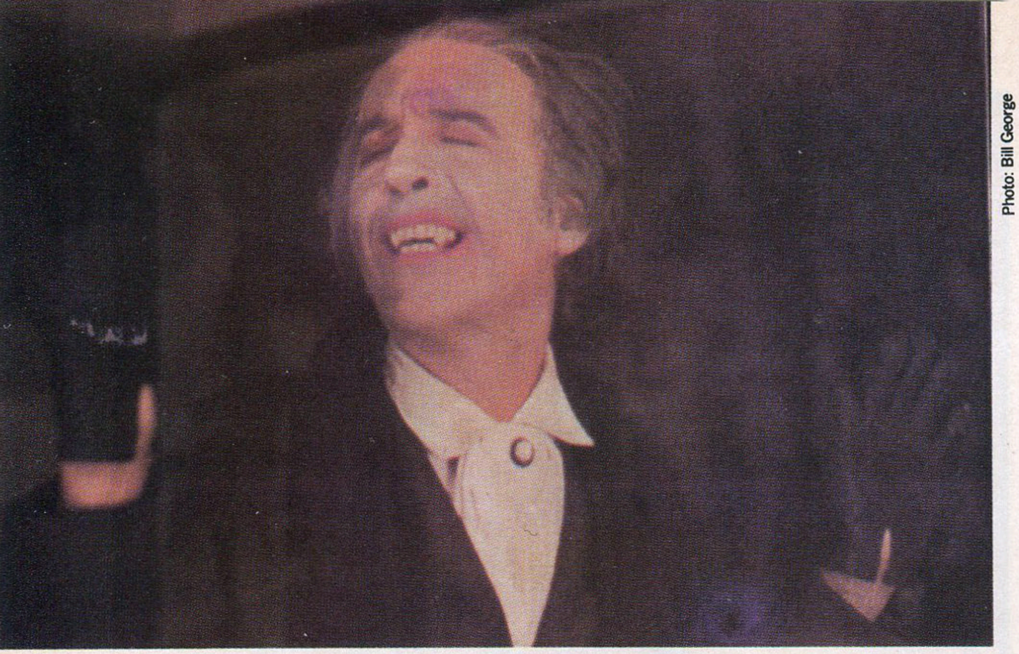


Photo: Bill George

From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles*, *Dracula and Son* makes a late debut on video.

Mario Bava's *House of Exorcism*. They generally sell for under $10.00.

Viking Video Corporation of Burbank, California is releasing John Barrymore's 1920 silent *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, as well as Roger Corman's horror-comedy *Creature from the Haunted Sea*. Judging by the atrocious sound quality on *Creature*, Viking would be better off sticking to silents. I was able to pick up both tapes at a K-Mart for $6.95 apiece.

An outfit called Meteor Video is offering *Asylum Erotica* for a mere $14.95; you may know the film better by its MPI Video title, *Slaughter Hotel*. And Parade Video offers *Night Train to Terror* and Sergio Martino's *Puma Man* , $9.95 each.

THE WORLD IS A CAROUSEL OF KARLOFF, KARLOFF, KARLOFF

MCA Home Video is finally preparing to release the classic *Son of Frankenstein*. To make the event as memorable as their release of the restored version of *Frankenstein*, they will be supplementing *Son* with a recently-discovered Technicolor screen test, featuring Boris Karloff in his most famous role! Jack Pierce's makeup, when captured in all its necrophilic glory on three-strip Technicolor, was deemed too horrific for 1939 audiences and Universal proceeded with *Son of Frankenstein* as a black-and-white feature.

Anyway, let's hear a GoreZonian round of applause for MCA Home Video! Perhaps they might consider rereleasing the original *Dracula* on laserdisc, double-billed with the (supposedly far superior) Spanish-language version that Universal filmed simultaneously?

SEEING IS DISBELIEVING

Since mentioning it in GOREZONE #2, I've been inundated with mail from readers identifying Regal Video's pseudonymously titled *The Revenge of Dr. X* as Eddie Romero's *Brides of Blood*. Obviously, none of you have actually watched it (and why should you?). Regal uses the synopsis and credits from Hemisphere's *Mad Doctor of Blood Island* on the box, and the same credits are even

The Blind Dead try to put a stop to stupid video retitlings.

Photo: Bill George

If they can stand looking at the screen long enough, Italian fans might recognize some familiar faces.

video-burned onto the film itself, but *Brides of Blood* it ain't. (Regal distributes *that* movie under the title *Brides of the Beast*.) Shortly after that column hit the stands, reviewer Lawrence Cohn identified the film in *Variety* as a Daiei release, *The Double Garden* (1970), starring James Craig. If Larry says it, I believe it.

Speaking of those Hemisphere turkeys, *Brain of Blood*, with Kent Taylor and Grant Williams, is also available from Regal Video as *The Brain*. The same movie can be found on Canadian video store shelves under the title *Brain Damage* (which ought to tick Frank Henenlotter off).

In *Phantom of Death*, Michael York ages rapidly in front of your very eyes. The actor can't brag about career longevity, either.

16.6 CATS PER MINUTE

Premiere Video's *Night of a Thousand Cats* may disappoint some people. While print sources list the feature's running time as 92 minutes, Premiere's tape clocks in at just over an hour!

Academy Video—the company that retitles everything it handles—is offering the same movie under the title *Blood Feast*! Furthermore, the company has actually placed ads in publications like *The Video Showplace*, advertising it as "the H.G. Lewis classic!" It's the same hollowed-out, 61-minute print, too, even though the box copy promises an 85-minute experience.

A WAG OF THE TAIL

What follows is a short list of worthwhile videotapes—often from smaller distributors—which have sneaked onto the marketplace with little, if any, fanfare:

The Avengers, Volume 8 (Video Dimensions, $19.95)

This particular pair of episodes are worth noting. "Never, Never Say Die" is the well-remembered episode in which John Steed and Mrs. Peel confront Christopher Lee, who plays a cyborganic scientist with more deaths than a cat has lives. It's followed by "The Forget-Me-Knot," Diana Rigg's final episode and Linda Thorson's first.

Creatures the World Forgot (RCA/Columbia, $66.95)

Seldom-seen prehistoric Hammer film about the dawn of man, best remembered for its nude depictions of the dawn of woman. No dinosaurs, but its grisly primitive feeding frenzies should satisfy cannibal movie mavens. With Norwegian starlet Julie Ege.

Dario Argento's World of Horror (Vidmark, $39.95)

Michele Soavi's documentary study of the maestro, now available at this new low price. Store owners, note: Vidmark also offers a "Horror 3 Pack" containing this film as well as *Kansas City Massacre* and Fulci's *New York Ripper* for $109.95.

Gunslinger (Dura Vision, $49.95)

One of Roger Corman's early Westerns, notable for its *Johnny Guitar*-influenced use of women in traditional male roles. I'll take Allison Hayes and Beverly Garland over Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge any day. In color, no less.

The H-Man (RCA/Columbia, $66.95)

One of Inoshiro Honda's best films, this colorful, exciting fusion of the gangster and science fiction genres spotlights a criminal whose body has the power to metamorphose into corrosive gelatin. Astonishing special FX by Eiji Tsubaraya.

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (Republic, $58.95)

Boycott. They've colorized it.

The Man Who Fell to Earth (RCA/Columbia, $66.95)

RCA/Columbia is rereleasing this Nicolas Roeg masterpiece and taking the opportunity to make it available, for the first time on video, in its original 145-minute, unrated, stereo version. Urge your video store to dump their old mono, 118-minute, R-rated copies, which Roeg once described as having had "the life cut out of them." Among the restored scenes are two controversial, explicit love scenes which involve, respectively, a violent Kabuki theater performance and a loaded gun.

Mark of the Devil, Part 2 (Video Dimensions, $29.95)

While *Mark of the Devil* has enjoyed wide circulation via Lightning Video, most of its admirers—or should I say, its idolators?—seem unaware that its sequel is also available. Print quality is acceptable, though unlike its predecessor, this film was rated R and suffered some noticeable (albeit brief) cuts. With Anton Diffring, Erika Blanc and Reggie Nalder. (This company also makes *Mark of the Devil* available for the same price, in its original widescreen format.)

Phantom of Death (Vidmark, $73.95)

The latest Ruggero (*Cannibal Holocaust*) Deodato movie, and a welcome return to horror after the Hyberion hokum of *The Barbarians*. It stars Michael York and Larry Cohn's favorite, Edwige Fenech. Best of all, it's unrated.

Return of the Evil Dead (Bingo Video, $41.95)

If you already have *Tombs of the Blind Dead*, *Horror of the Zombies* and *Night of the Death Cult* in your collection, this is the tape that will complete your *Blind Dead* quartet. The second in the series, it documents the rising of the undead

(continued on page 64)

PROFILE

THE SHOSTROM SAGA

"Frankly, I'd rather be doing makeup than dealing with mechanics, but . . . I realized 'Deep Star Six' was too challenging to let slip by."

By PHILIP NUTMAN

Where do makeup FX artists like Mark Shostrom find their macabre ideas? In mausoleums, of course!

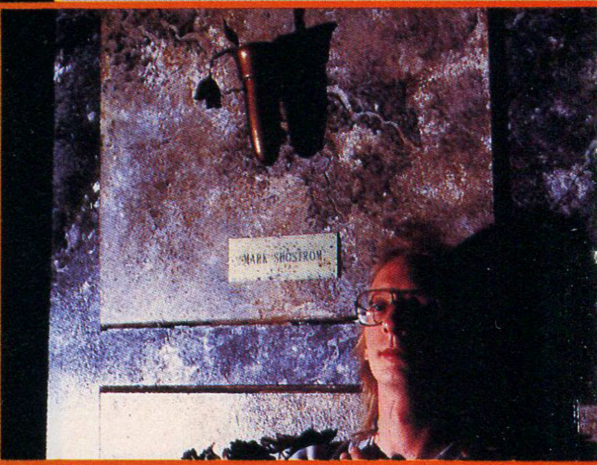


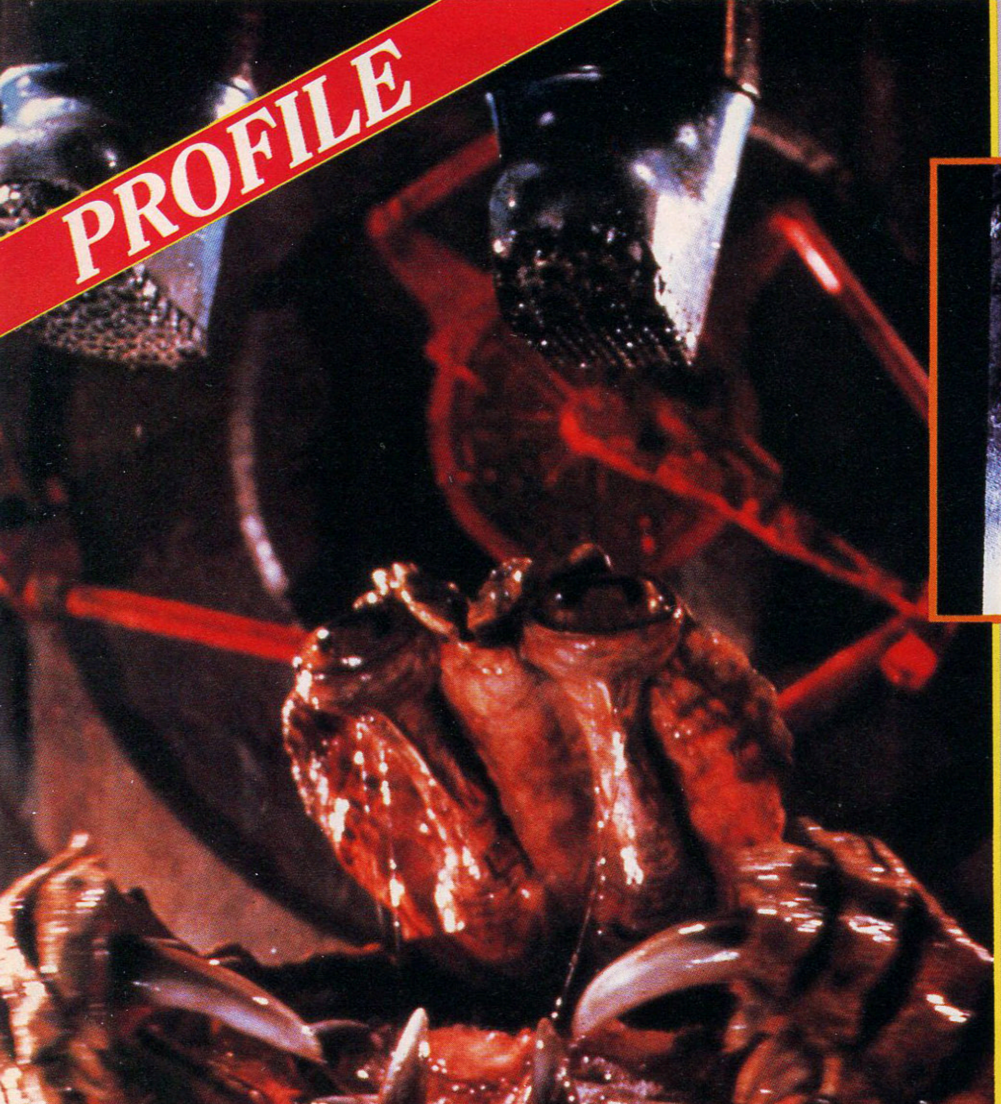
Photo: Copyright 1988 Mark Shostrom

"I'm starting to feel like an amphibian," quips makeup FX artist Mark Shostrom as he relaxes with a cold drink.

Shostrom has just spent 12 hours wearing a wet suit in a soundstage water tank located in Los Angeles' Marina Del Ray. In fact, he was on set for 16 hours; the previous day, it was 19, due to unforseen technical difficulties on *Deep Star Six*, the $8 million Sean Cunningham monster movie due from Tri-Star this month. Shostrom looks dog-tired, to say the least.

Which is why we are sitting in the lounge of his spacious new apartment in South Pasadena, situated two blocks away from his studio facility, rather than trying to talk on the set. *Deep Star Six* has turned out to be the most challenging, demanding and draining project Shostrom has yet worked on. Aside from the demands placed on his imagination, ingenuity, technical expertise and time, spending endless wet suit-clad days up to his ears in lukewarm water has taken its toll on his system, and the easygoing artist is fighting the onset of a cold. It's an evening in mid-May, 1988, and *Deep Star Six* is scheduled to shoot for another three and a half weeks. For Shostrom, the end is finally in sight. "But I'll probably have grown gills by then," he adds, opening another can.

Through the apartment windows looms the imposing facade of the original



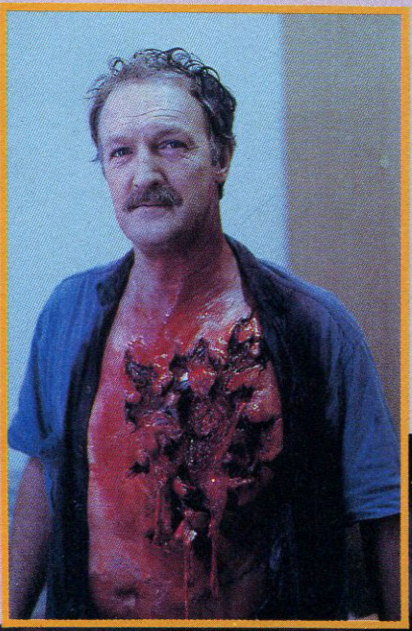
Say howdy to the prehistoric sea creature of *Deep Star Six*. It'd take a page to list all the FX guys who worked on this baby.

Michael Myers house (Pasadena doubled as *Halloween*'s Haddonfield, Illinois), while Siouxsie and the Banshees wail on the CD player. It's a perfect environment to discuss monsters and makeup FX.

"The last year has been the busiest of my life," Shostrom declares. "Since I finished *Evil Dead II*, the work hasn't let up. *Nightmare on Elm Street 3*, which was only a small stint for me, followed right after. New Line offered me more responsibility on that picture, but I was burning out and needed to slow down, which was just as well. A month before *Nightmare 3* opened, business exploded.

Indeed. Since we last spoke to Shostrom (Fango #66), his career has taken a quantum leap, pushing into position alongside top guns Rick Baker, Rob Bottin, Dick Smith and Stan Winston. 1988 was Shostrom's year. First there was *Phantasm II*, and then *Deep Star Six*, the biggest project he has thus far tackled (also the biggest-budgeted). He recently made his directorial debut helming an episode of Laurel Entertainment's new syndicated series *Monsters*, a story entitled "Rouse Him Not" (see sidebar), on which he designed and built the creature in addition to running the show.

"Chuck Russell [*Nightmare 3*'s director] approached me about doing the Freddy snake that Kevin Yagher finally did, but having come straight off *From Beyond* and *Evil Dead II*, I had no desire to take on any big creatures," he recaps. "It's been so crazy since then, I can't quite remember what I did next. Oh, yeah, I came over to England at Christmas."



Marius Weyers endures an exploding chest (a juicy Mark Shostrom prosthetic effect) and comes out singing.

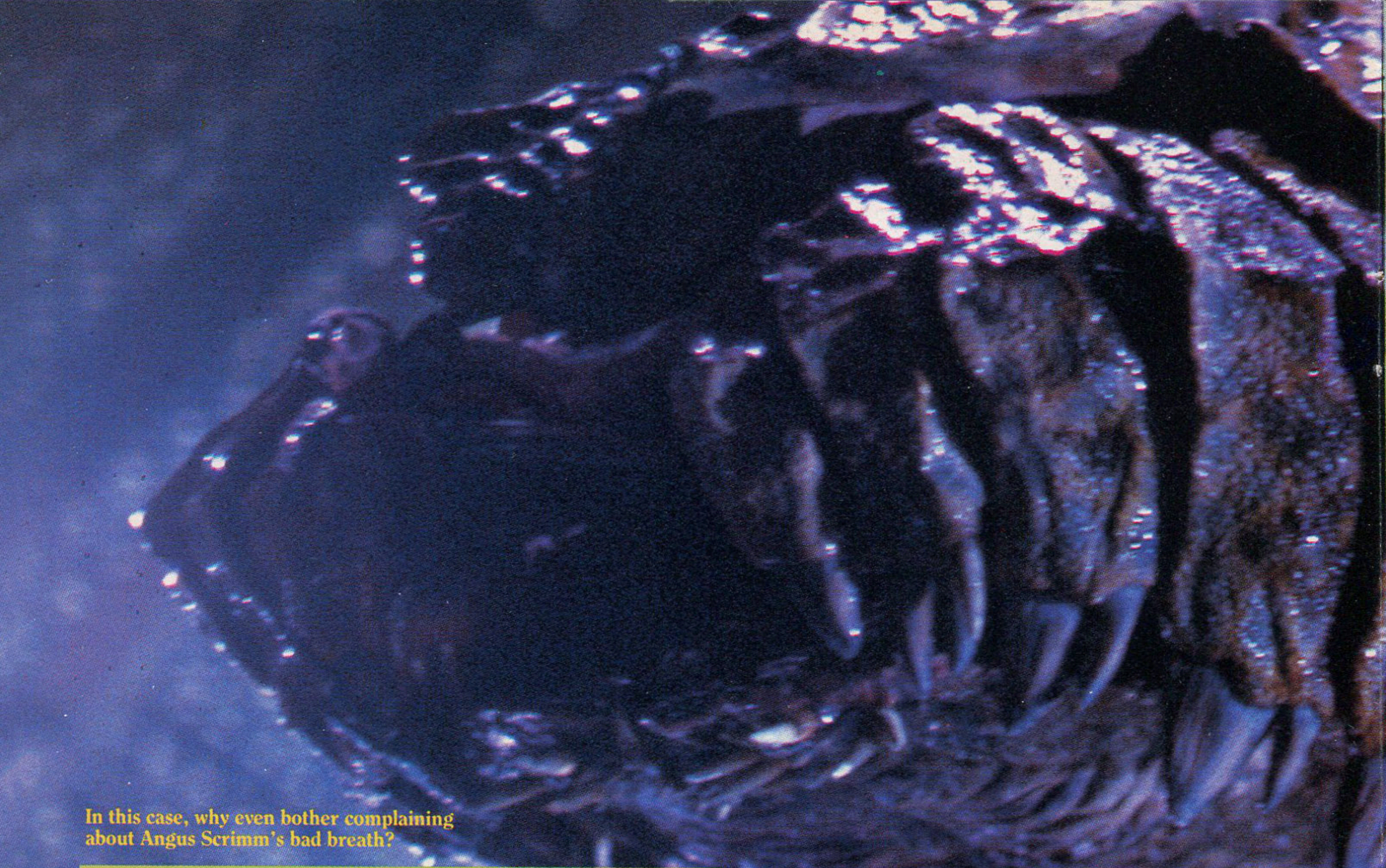
Shostrom's month-long vacation in Britain was just what the doctor ordered and gave him a well-deserved opportunity to recharge his creative batteries. On returning to California, the artist found himself swamped with screenplays. "In the space of two months, I received more scripts than I had in the previous six years, so I was continually reading, going to meetings, doing budget breakdowns, going to more meetings. Originally, I was going to do *After Food of the Gods*, and had actually done some work on that picture, but *Phantasm II* came up. I couldn't hire enough people to do both, so I opted for *Phantasm II*."

Don Coscarelli's latest movie was scheduled to give Shostrom three months prep time. Work commenced in late September 1987. Two factors prompted Shostrom to choose *Phantasm II*. "The script was excellent and the producer informed me there was going to be a huge release," he states. "To be honest, I couldn't see *After Food of the Gods* going anywhere except video. Although they offered me carte blanche on the money, making giant rats would have been neither a step up nor a creative challenge.

"The *Phantasm II* script was quite vague concerning many effects," he continues. "I had to search my imagination to come up with the right suggestions. I would have to find the right word to get from Don the essence of what he wanted. He was very flexible. Sam Raimi, on the other hand, was very specific in the script of *Evil Dead II*, even down to what camera angles and lenses he wanted to use, but Sam and Don were alike in that they both gave me a great deal of information and freedom to create what we all wanted to see."

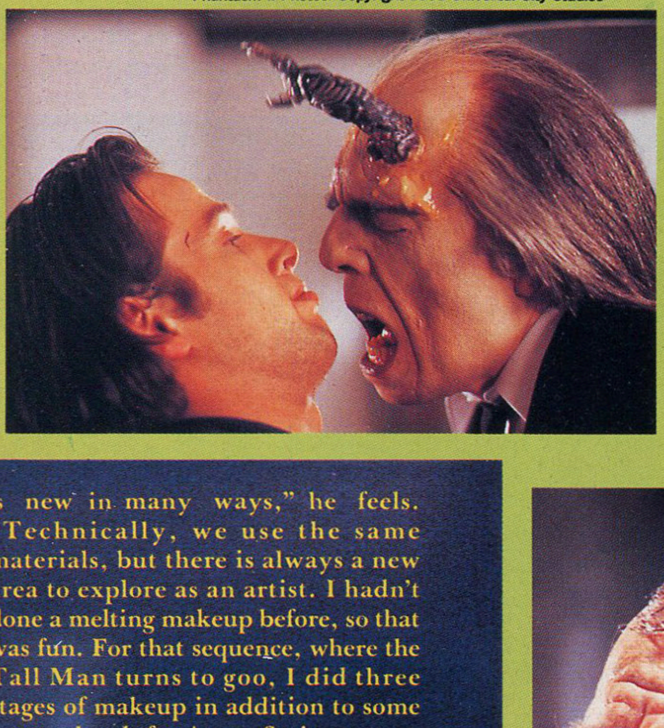
Still, there was little if any groundbreaking material in *Phantasm II* for Shostrom to sink his teeth into. "Each film

Deep Photos: Copyright 1989 Tri-Star



In this case, why even bother complaining about Angus Scrimm's bad breath?

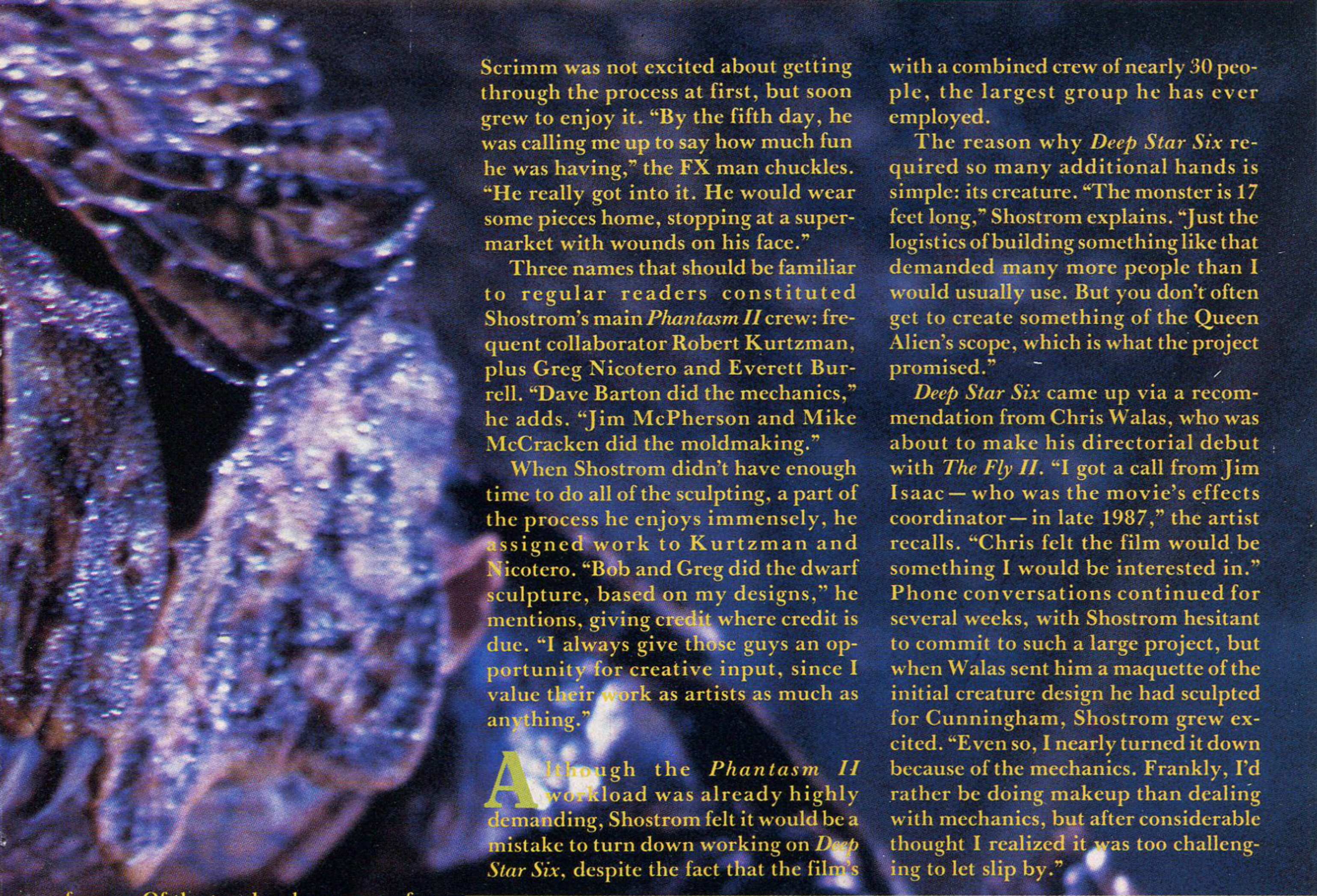
Phantasm II Photos: Copyright 1988 Universal City Studios



Kenneth Tigar takes the old saying, "Friends, Romans, countrymen—lend me your ears!" too literally in *Phantasm II*.

is new in many ways," he feels. "Technically, we use the same materials, but there is always a new area to explore as an artist. I hadn't done a melting makeup before, so that was fun. For that sequence, where the Tall Man turns to goo, I did three stages of makeup in addition to some puppet heads for Angus Scrimm.

"The first stage was very simple," he reveals. "It was just a cheek appliance that spouted yellow gunk, and the beginning of his neck dissolving. The second stage involved various full-face applications to the point where his eyes pop out. That's when we used the puppet heads. For that, I did a sculpture that went even further than what you see in the final film, which is only 12



frames. Of the two heads, one was for the scene where the long phallic insect creature emerges from Scrimm's forehead, and the other was a static creation used for the panning shot where you see the eyes go. Fortunately, they liked the articulated head so much they decided to use it for six shots, having the animatronic head interact with one of the other actors, which works very well."

Of all the FX he provided for the film, the one Shostrom is unhappy with is the first stage of the Tall Man's meltdown, which the artist refers to as the "chipmunk" face. "The idea was to have already blistered skin on one cheek," he frowns, "which would then fizz away. Each time we did the test, it didn't quite work. The materials didn't dissolve correctly, and it looked like he was wearing makeup. The latter stages were better. Overall, everything else worked great, though."

The original makeup stages took three hours to apply, with the latter ones requiring the actor to be in the chair for six. Shostrom reports that Scrimm was not excited about getting through the process at first, but soon grew to enjoy it. "By the fifth day, he was calling me up to say how much fun he was having," the FX man chuckles. "He really got into it. He would wear some pieces home, stopping at a supermarket with wounds on his face."

Three names that should be familiar to regular readers constituted Shostrom's main *Phantasm II* crew: frequent collaborator Robert Kurtzman, plus Greg Nicotero and Everett Burrell. "Dave Barton did the mechanics," he adds. "Jim McPherson and Mike McCracken did the moldmaking."

When Shostrom didn't have enough time to do all of the sculpting, a part of the process he enjoys immensely, he assigned work to Kurtzman and Nicotero. "Bob and Greg did the dwarf sculpture, based on my designs," he mentions, giving credit where credit is due. "I always give those guys an opportunity for creative input, since I value their work as artists as much as anything."

Although the *Phantasm II* workload was already highly demanding, Shostrom felt it would be a mistake to turn down working on *Deep Star Six*, despite the fact that the film's prep time overlapped heavily with *Phantasm*'s shooting schedule. Fortunately, he was able to hire enough personnel to cover both, ending up with a combined crew of nearly 30 people, the largest group he has ever employed.

The reason why *Deep Star Six* required so many additional hands is simple: its creature. "The monster is 17 feet long," Shostrom explains. "Just the logistics of building something like that demanded many more people than I would usually use. But you don't often get to create something of the Queen Alien's scope, which is what the project promised."

Deep Star Six came up via a recommendation from Chris Walas, who was about to make his directorial debut with *The Fly II*. "I got a call from Jim Isaac — who was the movie's effects coordinator — in late 1987," the artist recalls. "Chris felt the film would be something I would be interested in." Phone conversations continued for several weeks, with Shostrom hesitant to commit to such a large project, but when Walas sent him a maquette of the initial creature design he had sculpted for Cunningham, Shostrom grew excited. "Even so, I nearly turned it down because of the mechanics. Frankly, I'd rather be doing makeup than dealing with mechanics, but after considerable thought I realized it was too challenging to let slip by."

Nope, not a scene from *The Manitou II*, but one of Shostrom's *Phantasm II* highlights.

Photo: Copyright 1988 Mark Shostrom

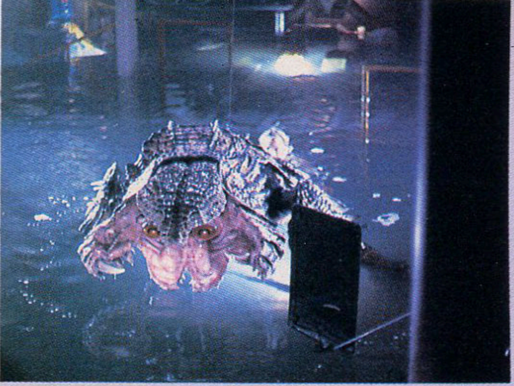


Photo: Copyright 1988 Mark Shostrom

Shostrom's crew puts the monster through its paces, submerged in 4 feet of water.

The construction of the creature's armature started in January 1988. A major undertaking in itself, it was only the first problem Shostrom had to contend with. "It was a bitch trying to secure a crew. Every shop in town was busy. The only way I was able to find the people I needed was to hire an out-of-state crew."

Enter Greg Smith, one of the most exciting new talents to enter the field, who was brought to Shostrom's attention by Dick Smith (no relation). "Greg had been taking Dick's advanced makeup course and came with his highest recommendation," nods Shostrom. "Once I saw his portfolio, I understood why." Smith had been working for Detroit's motor industry for several years as an illustrator and designer. His imagination and artistic style made him a natural choice for such a complicated project as *Deep Star Six*. "As a sculptor and an artist, Greg's talents are incredible," Shostrom asserts. The first area he assigned Smith was preliminary creature sculpting. "Greg did almost all of the head, a fabulous job," his boss adds.

One of Shostrom's other main skills is inspiring the best from his key crew members. For example, animatronics supervisor David Kindlon, the best mechanics technician in the business, who has worked with Shostrom on a number of occasions (e.g. *From Beyond* and *Evil Dead II*), quit his position on *The Blob* to work on *Deep Star Six* before contracts were signed. "Dave's ability to make the most complicated effects function in the most practical fashion is his main strength. His contribution, along with Greg Smith's, Bob Kurtzman's and Greg Nicotero's, are what make a project of this size a pleasure, even if the hours you have to put in are a real killer."

Kurtzman and Shostrom split the work on *Phantasm II* and *Deep Star Six*, dividing their time between set work, sculpting and organizing the multitude of details requiring patience and concentration if complicated FX are to be brought to fruition. "Doing two movies at the same time is a logistical nightmare," Shostrom decides. "Greg Nicotero has had the unenviable task of organizing materials and deadlines on *Deep Star Six*. With everyone pulling together, we've managed to get some interesting stuff rolling. At this moment, I feel like it'll never end. But," he concludes with a tired smile, "there are only three weeks to go."

The One Guy Who Didn't Wanna Direct

Photo: Melissa Cohen/Copyright 1989 Laurel

Shostrom makes his much-anticipated directorial debut with the *Monsters* episode "Rouse Him Not." Here's the show's special guest star.

In the 1970s, the trend was for screenwriters to move into directing. The 1980s has seen a new fad: makeup FX artists getting behind the camera. Stan Winston, Chris Walas, John Buechler—all have taken the helm. Now Mark Shostrom joins the club with "Rouse Him Not," an episode of the *Monsters* TV series.

Penned by British writer Michael (*The Uncanny*) Parry, the story is a modern variation on the classic theme of a saint slaying a dragon (in this case, a demon revived in an old house's basement recently occupied by *Saturday Night Live*'s Laraine Newman). Alex Cord plays John Thunston, the saint in question, with Patrick Moore as the dragon/demon he slays.

Shostrom was first approached concerning the directing gig by *Monster* producer Mitchell Galin in February 1988, but due to his *Phantasm II* and *Deep Star Six* commitments, he declined. "Mitch was persistent, though, and by summer I had no excuses, so I decided to give it a shot," recounts the makeup artist, who, unlike 99 percent of film industry folk, has never had the desire to direct.

The novice director was offered three teleplays; his reason for going with the Parry story was, "I thought the script was real tight." Following his decision concerning the story, Shostrom's main priority was to design and sculpt the demon. "More for my own benefit than anyone else's," he admits. "That's always the most important stage for me."

To fully prepare, Shostrom totally storyboarded the episode, producing nearly 250 panels in the process while discussing the practicalities with first assistant director John Vohlars. "Some things we had to change," he notes, "due to budgetary considerations, primarily since the sets turned out to be smaller than originally estimated. The soundstage space couldn't accommodate what we wanted. However, 80 percent of what I sketched turned out fine."

At the same time, he had his first taste of the casting game, auditioning no less than 50 people for the three roles. After all this hard work, Shostrom's choices were then vetoed prior to shooting when Aaron Spelling Productions took over Laurel Entertainment. "My choices went out the window," he acknowledges. "Alex and Laraine were names we could agree on. I only got to meet them a week before principal photography, so it was cutting it close."

With only four days to film the episode, Shostrom's meticulous preparation paid off; on his initial day on set, he clocked up a phenomenal 31 setups. "All dialogue stuff," he grins. "I was shocked. But I was lucky to have John Vohlars as assistant and Tony Cutrano as director of photography. Tony had just come from shooting Michael Jackson's *Bad* tour documentary. We worked extremely well together."

Laurel were so pleased with the results that they have offered Shostrom two further episodes to helm. "I enjoyed the experience and want to do more," he admits. "But, once again, it's dependent on my feature commitments."

—Philip Nutman

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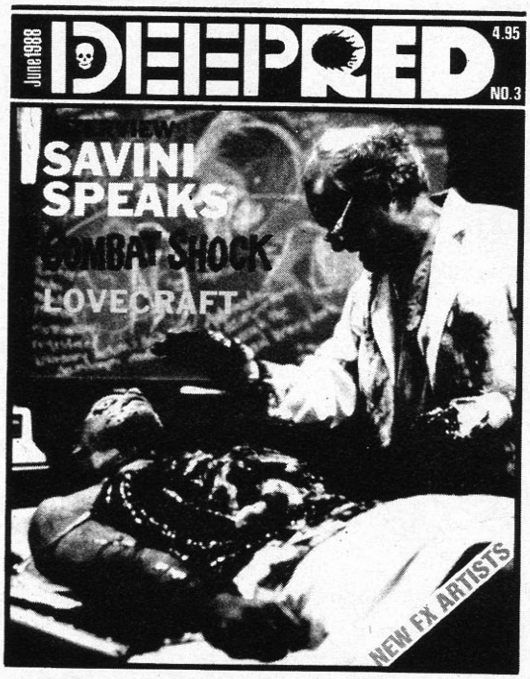
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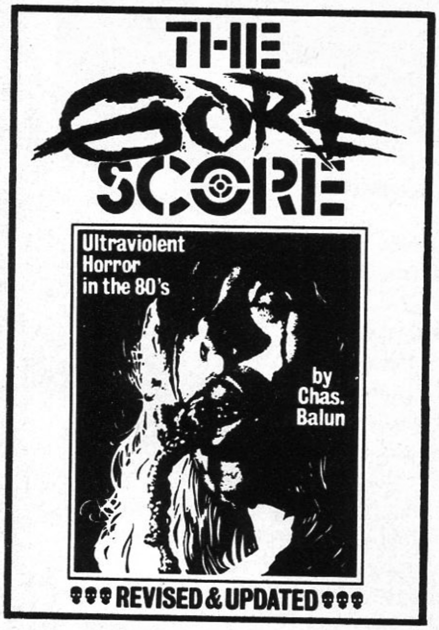
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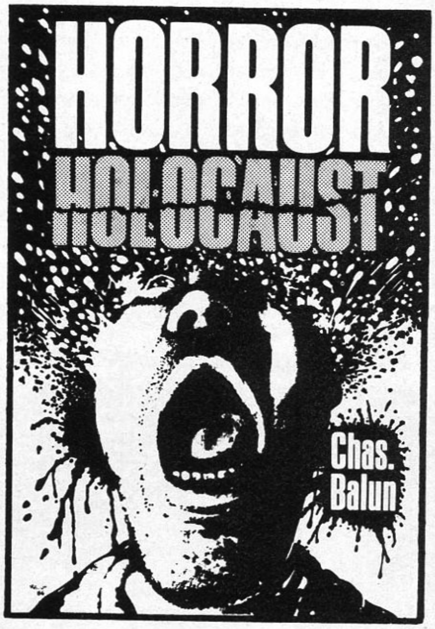
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A BATTLEFIELD REPORT

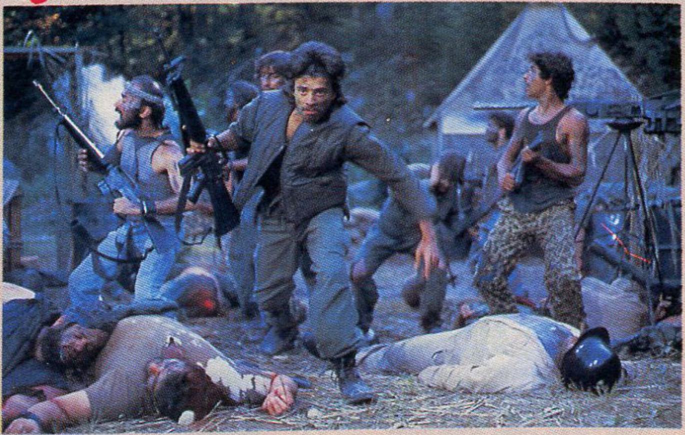
TROMA'S WAR

***Troma's War* makes use of some gruesome outtakes from *Dead Ringers*.**

To be an extra in a Troma film, one doesn't have to audition, or even make arrangements in advance; all one has to do is show up on the set. And even though the extras for *Troma's War* would be playing terrorists, you didn't have to look like Sylvester Stallone to get in on the action. Even co-director/co-producer Lloyd Kaufman's little daughter donned camouflage duds and brandished a pistol for the film. So one bright morning last August, I headed out to Camp Smith, an Army base outside Peekskill, NY, to enlist in *Troma's War*.

When I got to the set, I was issued my own uniform as well as an M-16 (one that wouldn't fire, of course). The other extras and I were then instructed on how to "fire" the guns realistically. We were told we might even get to fire real, blank-loaded weapons later on. I soon found out, however, that most of us would spend the day lying "dead" around the set, since the bulk of the scenes being shot took place after a terrorist massacre by the good guys. *Troma's War* takes place on an island in the Caribbean where members of every terrorist organization in the world gather under a fascist/communist regime determined to invade and take over the good old U.S. of A. An airliner full of American tourists crashes on the beach, and the survivors soon find themselves struggling desperately to stop the invasion.

To create the illusion of an enormous terrorist group, the extras were used over and over again for the backgrounds of different scenes. After playing dead in one shot, I would go to the costume trailer, change into a new uniform, and head back for the next scene. In addition to clothing, I kept having blood applied and reapplied to me, and makeup FX supervisor Pericles Lewnes had his hands full keeping all the victims suitably gored up. He also worked on some more complicated FX during my day on the set, including a terrorist ear sliced off by one of the good guys (a Vietnam vet in the throes of flashback), and a priest having his tongue torn out before being shot in the head. I got the feeling during the shoot that this one was going to push the boundaries of the R rating.



Photos: Troma

If you want battle scenes, this is your movie.

Michael Ryder plays yet another well-adjusted Vietnam vet.

The toughest shot of the day was the last one, a lengthy dialogue scene in which the hero (Sean Bowen) explains to the tourists just who it is they've just slaughtered. A bunch of us terrorists had to lie around the ruins of our camp as the good guys walked through the scene, and I unwisely chose to lie on the hard ground. Anyone who tells you that Troma doesn't do multiple takes on their films should have been in my position that afternoon, which threatened to continue well into the evening. I began to wonder if I'd be able to stand up at the end of the shoot.

Still, despite all the discomfort, the day was generally a good experience. Hey, playing a terrorist, even if he's dead most of the time, was fun. Gee, if I only got to fire one of those guns!

—Michael Gingold

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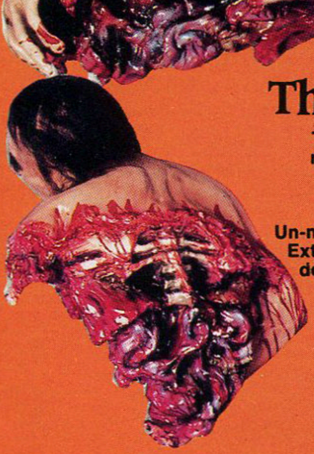

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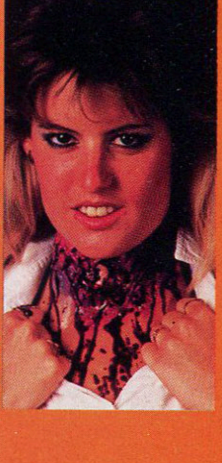

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PROFILE

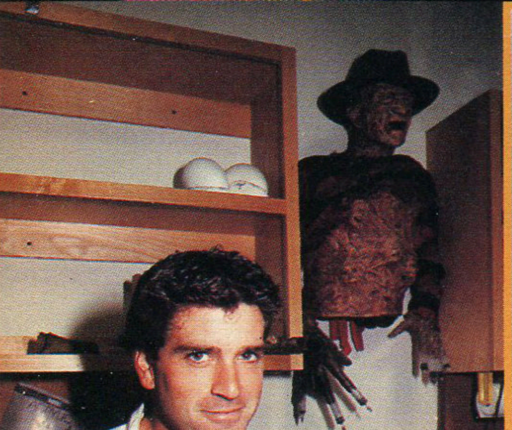
Removing swollen tonsils won't alleviate a case of demonic possession.

976 Photos: CineTel

By CHAS. BALUN

RHET TOPHAM: THE SCREAM MERCHANT OF VENICE

"I love to be scared. That's the bottom line. It makes me feel real."



Rhet Photo: Lisa Andreini

A hit from last Halloween, a young Californian type models an Official Rhet Topham Mask.

When I asked scriptwriter Rhet Topham (known for *Trick or Treat*, *976-EVIL* and the *Freddy's Nightmares* TV series) where he'd like the interview to take place, he mentioned that his apartment was being repainted, so would I mind meeting him at this restaurant in Venice Beach? Did I know where Venice was? Hey, you bet, Rhet. It's 12 miles southwest of Los Angeles, about two or three miles south of Santa Monica, and just this side of Mars. It used to be known as Muscle Beach, U.S.A., back in those old days when even the locals believed all the national press about the Southern California beaches being paradise and all. Well, these days there's still a few scattered muscleheads about, grunting, groaning and struggling on the last maxi-set of their tri-delt-bicep Blitz-O-Rama program, slugging down Gatorade and praying that they're noticed by at least a few of the leggy, blond, air-headed, rollerskating beach bimbettes gliding by their workout stations.

Almost lost amongst the human flotsam is one quiet, polite, hockey-playing horror writer who'd suggested earlier that we meet at this neat restaurant on the boardwalk and "do lunch and interview." And whadda place, too, a cute beachside bistro that offers overpriced sandwiches and omelettes named after (guess what?) famous authors and the like. God, there's *so* much untapped creativity in this town. What a concept! The Hemingway Breakfast Combo—a bowl of wild oats, two soft boiled eggs and a 16-ounce tumbler of gin with a twist of organic lime. The Edgar Allan Poe Omelette—two raven eggs, a telltale heart of palm and a 24-ounce Bloody Mary. You know, that sort of thing. I take my seat, exchange pleasantries and order the Carlos Castenada Three-Egg Omelette, specifying the blue mushrooms with desert sage along with the peyote pancakes. Topham orders some sandwich thing with Faulkner fries and the iced Tennyson tea. Luckily, we only get spare-changed by the local denizens six or seven times before the food comes.

Topham begins, expertly anticipating your interviewer's approach with an animated discourse on why he got himself involved with horror. "I love to be scared," he professes. "That's the bottom line. It makes me feel real." Topham needs no warm-up time; he's out of the on-deck circle and already up there at the plate, taking some healthy cuts. He's way ahead of me now, gesturing excitedly until his right hand, caught in mid-sweep, knocks over his water glass, momentarily distracting him, but only for a second or two. "I do that all the time," he sheepishly adds, before exclaiming, "*Night of the Living Dead* was my first mind-boggling horror film. I must've been 12 or 13, it was Impact City." It was on TV, but Topham insists, "Yeah, it had commercial interruptions, but thank God! Because, y'know, it was *scary*!"

Next comes the line that always guarantees a top-notch layout and plenty of gutsy color photos for the interviewee. "I've always been interested in horror films, and FANGORIA's the magazine I grew up with. *Swear* to God," Topham vows. Guess I pick up the check.

Before we get on to the rather messy business of dissecting the film treatment of Topham's *Trick or Treat* script, I ask him what he considers really scary or frightening to him and how he establishes a connection with that fear. "I really love the twisting of human nature in film," he decides. "That's a very powerful device, to watch a human being either crumble or gain strength. When somebody's psyche has been manipulated into performing a great act of horror—whether it be by the devil or Charles Manson—well, that's inevitably far more scary than bats in the belfry or things that go bump in the night."

He explains the essence of scripting horror thusly. "First and foremost, take a normal situation, something you're comfortable with, and abnormalize it." Topham points out another approach, "Shattering taboos, daring to be different." He cites a favorite film, *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*, and recites the mad doctor's corpse-side soliloquy, "'To know life, you've got to f--k death in the gall bladder.' Now, *that's* breaking taboos." The waitress, bringing us our food, overhears the remark about sex, death and truth and nearly drops our food in our laps.

"Horror," he continues, "exists in every nook and cranny of this world. There is always horror just waiting to happen. The more science grows and the population grows, the more conflicts between nations, between families, the more horror that comes out of it." Topham expands his theory of home-life horrors by recalling, "The earliest memory I have about *real* fear is when I was living in San Jose in the early '60s when the Zodiac Killer was running around and my bedroom was accessible by a patio roof. My brother always wanted to keep the window open and I was scared to death. I was sure it was in the stars for me to be a victim."

Photo: DEG

Sammi Curr, big Dino's failed attempt to market another Freddy.

He advises other fledgling horror writers, "Don't be afraid to pull from your own life and what you've been through." Topham also quietly relates a true story about the Killer Next Door; one of his neighbors back home actually *was* a serial killer himself (though, unlike Zodiac, he was eventually apprehended). "If you pull from your life, from your friends' lives," he slows down, searching for a relevant anecdote, "don't pull your punches. You never know what's going to click. The Eddie Weinbauer character in *Trick or Treat*—y'know, the kid who was influenced by heavy metal music? Well, a friend of mine who wound up in a drug rehab center swore that Eddie, the cartoon mascot from Iron Maiden, was talking *directly* to him, telling him to do things like rob stores. I thought, 'God, what a wonderful character. That would make a dynamite movie.'"

Maybe it would, but *Trick or Treat* most certainly was not the film to blow anyone away. "*Trick or Treat* was intended to be a satirical poke at Tipper Gore and all the efforts to ban rock-porn," Topham defends. "It was kind of a party version of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*."

Rhet says, "There is no Good vs. Evil in the world. That's just a notion that has done too much to unsettle Western civilization." OK, Rhet, just pass the sushi.

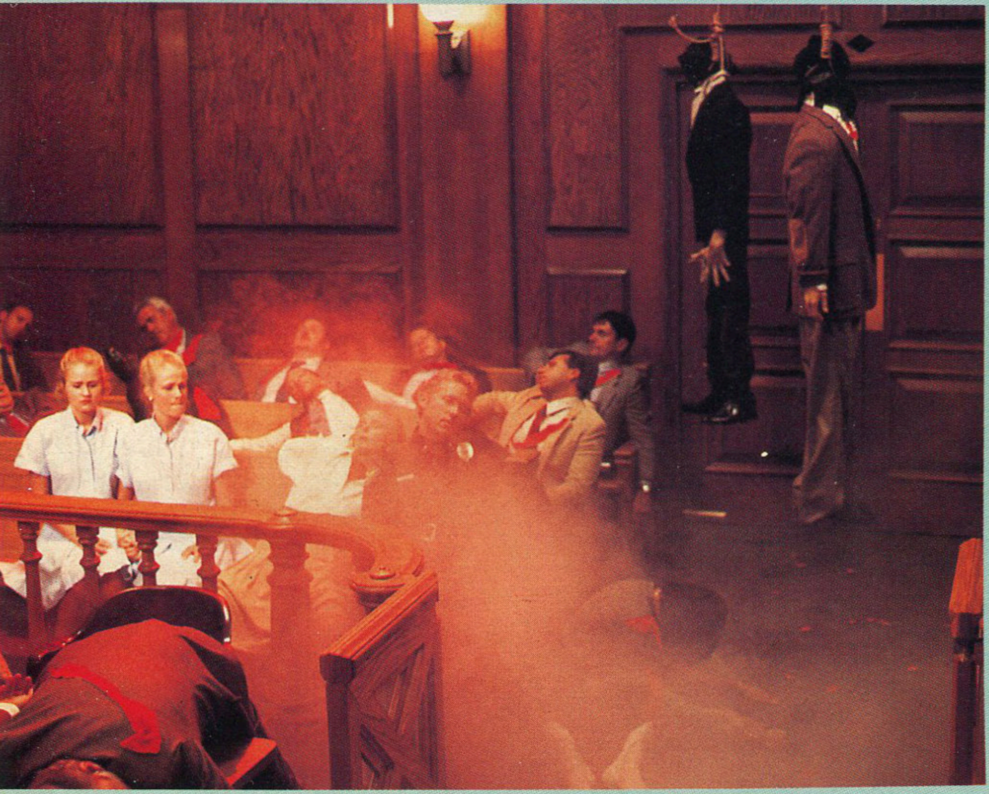
That sounds swell, but this viewer thought the movie went down the toilet, right along with a melting Sammi Curr. Topham laughs and counters with, "We did *976-EVIL* in an attempt to rectify the situation."

Well, did they butcher Topham's script for *Trick or Treat* or what? "A little bit," he concedes. "But 'butchered' is a hard word. It was mainstreamed to be non-offensive. I knew we were going to have trouble selling heavy metal music to a big population, so for a two-week period, Joel Soisson [co-scriptwriter, along with Michael S. Murphey] and I met at his place and various restaurants to kind of flush out a more 'non-controversial' version of my story. We mainstreamed a potentially violent and dangerous idea to make it palatable, to take it down with a spoonful of sugar."

"Real life is still the best canvas for horror."

In an earlier interview, FX artist Kevin Yagher declared he was "devastated" by the fact that his nifty articulated rod puppet, known affectionately as "Skeezix," was practically absent from the final cut. (It is featured prominently on the video box, though.) "Yagher has 20 minutes of special effects footage, the blood-and-guts stuff, that didn't make it into the film because of that mainstream crowd," Topham

> **"Screenwriting is a growth procedure, and everytime I sit down at the typewriter, I'm learning more and more."**

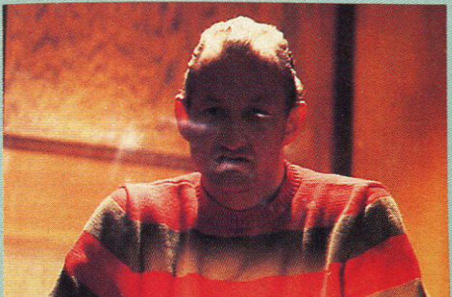


After penning the *Freddy's Nightmares* pilot with Mike De Luca and David Ehrman, Topham plans more visits to Elm Street.

laments. "One of the funniest moments in the movie is the monster in the car. First of all, there was *no* monster in the story; it was to be a kind of ectoplasmic assault of this girl by Sammi Curr. The monster was quite a surprise. After the screening, I asked Joel and Michael where it came from."

Despite the hostile reviews the film generated, Topham refuses to lay the blame elsewhere and says straightforwardly, "I've got no axes to grind. I still feel that the first hour of *Trick or Treat* was a priceless little gem. I'm paying my dues. If there are mistakes and plot inconsistencies, it's because I'm young. It's a growth procedure, and everytime I sit down at the typewriter, I'm learning more and more. I have *not* yet arrived. I did my best as a 22-year-old kid walking in off the street. I tried to be as imaginative as possible."

Before landing his first feature film credit with *Trick or Treat*, Topham was "a freshman at UCLA, working on my first attempt at a screenplay, when Joe Rice sat down at the table and asked what I was doing. So I met my 'agent' during the third or fourth week of school. We've been best friends ever since."



Topham says that very little of his "No More Mr. Nice Guy" pilot for *Freddy's Nightmares* wound up on the boob tube. OK, he's excused.

Fred Photos: Copyright Lorimar Television

Rice is also Robert Englund's agent, and Topham mentions a few tantalizing anecdotes about Englund before he became Freddy the K. "When Joe Rice was thinking of sending in Robert for the Freddy Krueger character, he asked me what I thought of it," Topham remembers. "I was fascinated with the role. Originally it was written for a very big man, like the Shape in *Halloween* or Jason Voorhees. A very strong man. Joe brought Robert to me before his audition and said, 'Now, Rhet, what do you think?' I thought that the secret of the character would be to play him rat-like, weasel-like. When we read about abusers and molesters in the newspaper, they're not big, hulking men, but weasels. I thought he should go in and play it like that. And it worked!"

That was not Topham's first meeting with Englund, as he proudly confesses. "First time I met him, I was his lighting stand-in for New World Pictures' *Galaxy of Terror*." Topham is ever so pleased to note that it was *his* shadow, not Englund's, that gets chomped on by the rampaging alien monster.

Now, with Englund in the director's chair for *976-EVIL*, Topham claims, "I want to reach the audience I tried for in *Trick or Treat*. This time the 'bad angel' comes from the telephone and actually invades Hoax's [Stephen Geoffreys'] body, transforming him into this horrific monster. Both mine and Robert's intent on *976-EVIL* was to state, plainly and out loud, that there is no Good vs. Evil in the world—that's just a notion that has done too much to unsettle Western civilization for thousands of years. It's *varying* levels of both evil and good." Englund, for the record, thought the story to be "a pretty twisted tale, a small movie in a small town with enduring characters who have a certain bone to pick."

Topham offers some first-hand observations on why Englund was the perfect director for the film. "He understands all the scary stuff in our minds; he lives in it, for goodness' sake," the screenwriter chuckles. "It's funny when you go to Robert's house. He spent a lot of time enmeshed in the Mexican culture of the Dead. He's got skeletons and paintings of dead spirits all over the house. He really understands horror from the point of dealing with death. It's all around him."

Trick or Treat's mascot did not originate in Topham's typewriter.

T or T Photo: Phil Caruso

Though Topham is responsible for the original story which became *976-EVIL*, he shares the scriptwriting credit with Brian Helgeland, which provided him with some rare insights behind the collaboration process. "I love working with other writers," he asserts. "Collaborators help fill in the plot holes. Sometimes I come to a rut and somebody will say something like 'toilet,' maybe, and then all of a sudden, my mind will blossom." Working with Helgeland on the script was mutually beneficial, attests Topham. "Brian's a 'structure man.' Incidentally, he just did some beautiful work on the screenplay of *Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master*. I brought him my 20-page treatment for *976-EVIL*, and he sat down and mapped out a beginning, middle and end."

Topham confesses, "I don't like to pay particular attention to the fine details. I'd rather go for the big horror melee, no expenses spared. My imagination's great, but my patience is young, anxious."

Regardless of the box office fate of *976-EVIL*, Topham's career appears to be gaining considerable momentum at this time. The future holds many promising projects, including working with *Evil Dead* mastermind Sam Raimi on a script tentatively titled *Witches*. ("The guy is as psychotic as his pictures," observes Topham.) He wrote the Tobe Hooper-directed pilot episode of *A Nightmare on Elm Street—Freddy's Nightmares: The Series* and another to be directed by Robert Englund ("I want my FTV!"). Besides *Neighborhood Watch*, he's just completed a script titled *Exurbia*, which he describes as "*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* meets *The Addams Family*. I'm trying to make it as *sick* as possible," he gleefully adds.

He feels the genre has not been overmined or exhausted. "I'll tell you, though, real life is still the best canvas for horror," he concludes. "More things happen here that are so shocking. It's like I look forward to being 'padded' by a horror film; all that gross stuff makes me feel safe. Real life is *far* more shocking."

Just glancing up into the crowd of mutant beach life streaming by our table is enough to make this reporter nod silently in agreement. Where else are you gonna find sprout-eating, Day-Glo Zulu hipsters rollerskating by with 85-pound ghetto blasters glued to their faces? ✹

Cheer up, Hoax, we hear that *976-EVIL* will hit the silver screen before the year 2000.

PROFILE

Howl of the Devil let Munro be more than your standard sexpot.

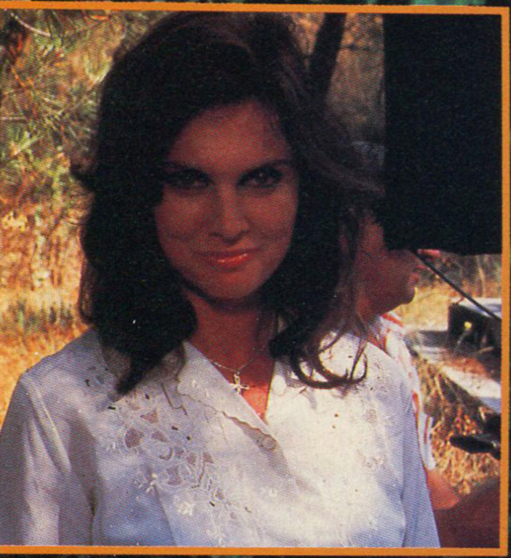
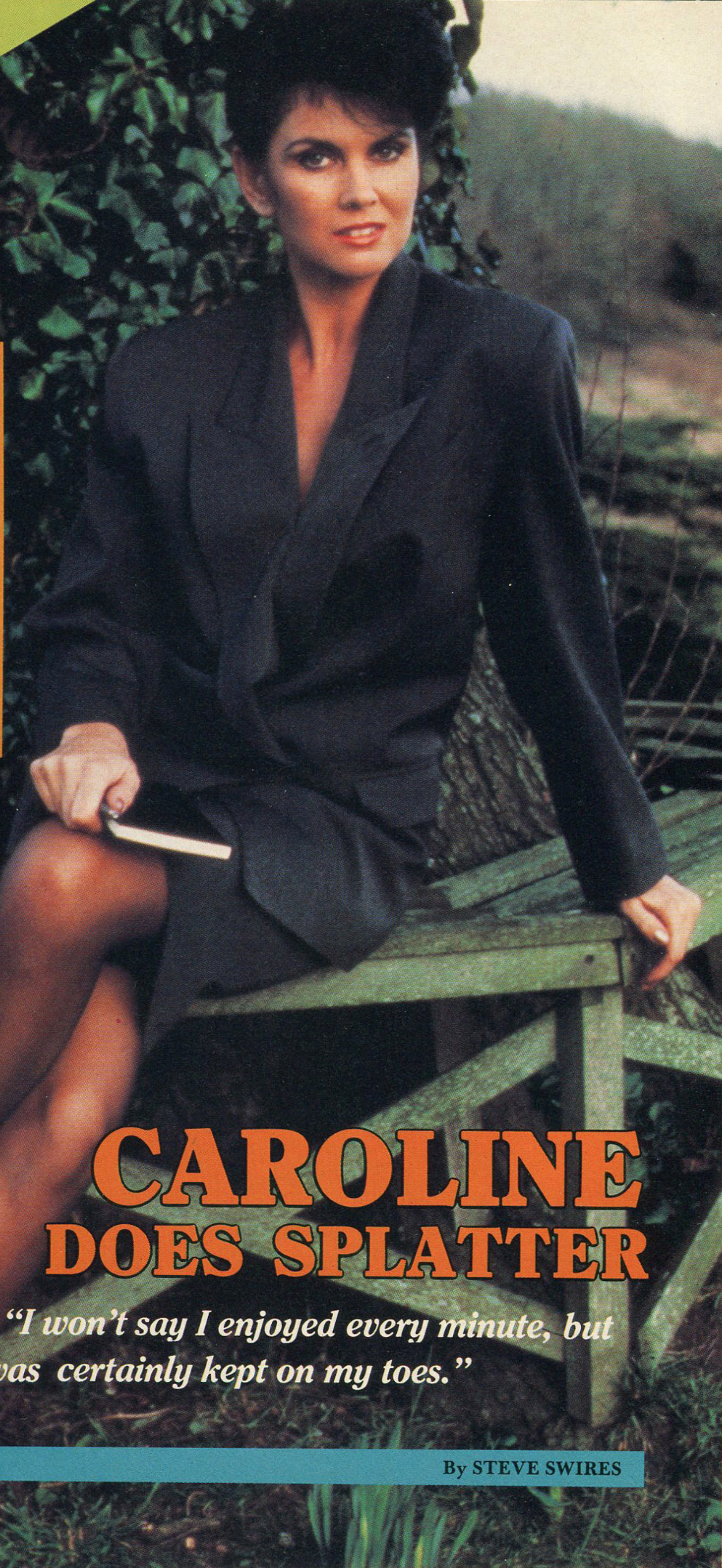


Photo: Manuel Sanchez Fraguas



CAROLINE DOES SPLATTER

"I won't say I enjoyed every minute, but I was certainly kept on my toes."

By STEVE SWIRES

Faceless Photos: Courtesy Rene Chateau

"Yeah, uh . . . sure, I'll still take you to the prom," promises Helmut Berger.

Photo: Manuel Sanchez Fraguas

The actress found time between takes to learn some of the local cemetery dances.

Fantasy films' first lady has been systematically subjected to an onslaught of cinematic indignities — stalked by slashers, menaced by madmen and terrorized by tormentors. Rarely, however, has she been asked to exercise her acting ability; usually, she is merely required to look helpless, scream her lungs out and defer to the heroics of her male co-stars.

Finally, after two decades of dramatic dues-paying in such creatively constrained circumstances, Caroline Munro feels confident enough to test her talent. A veteran of 13 consecutive genre excursions — including *Dracula A.D. 1972*, *Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter*, *Maniac* and *The Last Horror Film* — she recently ended her involuntary screen hiatus by starring in two new English-language European horror movies, Paul Naschy's Spanish-lensed *The Howl of the Devil* and Jess Franco's French *Faceless*. Reaching beyond the limitations of her cult status, she also made her first non-genre appearance in 20 years, in the British TV movie *Maigret*.

Selected by her *Slaughter High* collaborators Peter Litten and George Dugdale to play the female lead in their proposed big-budget production of *Dr. Who: The Movie* as well as the title role in their unorthodox multimedia creation *Roxscene* , Munro grew increasingly restless as both major projects were delayed by a lengthy development process. Anxious to resume her acting career after four years as hostess of the popular British TV game/variety series *3-2-1*, she gratefully accepted the unexpected offers of overseas employment.

"The more I'm on camera, the better it is for me," the British actress reasons, relaxing one morning in her London flat. "As with an athlete or a dancer, an actor must keep training. Since *Doctor Who* and *Roxscene* have yet to reach fruition, *The Howl of the Devil*, *Faceless* and *Maigret* gave me an opportunity to get out and do a bit of work. Frankly, I become very bored when I'm not working."

There were few occasions for boredom on the rugged Spanish locations of *The Howl of the Devil* (a.k.a. *El Aullido del Diablo*). Shot in Madrid and the quaint mountain village of Loyzoya — complete with cobbled streets and an 11th-century monastery — during July and August of 1987, the film was written, directed by and stars Paul Naschy. A short, toupeed, barrel-chested John Belushi look-alike whose real name is Jacinto Molina, Naschy has appeared in more than 75 Spanish movies bearing such luridly Anglicized titles as *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror*, *The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman*, *Count Dracula's Great Love* and *Night of the Howling Beast*, earning him the crown of Spain's King of Horror.

Designed as an ambitious showcase for his performing abilities, *Howl* presents Naschy in 10 different roles, reflecting his affection for the classic Hollywood movie monsters of his youth. A demented retired actor named Hector lives with his young nephew Adrian in an ominous chalet, where he dresses up as Fu Manchu, Rasputin and Bluebeard to torture nubile female victims procured by his loyal manservant Erik, portrayed by Howard (*The Awful Dr. Orloff*) Vernon. A horror fan himself, Adrian (played by Naschy's 12-year-old son, Sergio Molina) fantasizes visits from his favorite celluloid creatures, recreated in elaborate prosthetic makeup by Fernando Florido and embodied by the ubiquitous Naschy: the Frankenstein Monster, the Phantom of the Opera, Quasimodo, Mr. Hyde and — inevitably — Naschy's best-known character, the melancholy werewolf Waldemar Daninsky. This happy home life is eventually interrupted by the reappearance of Adrian's dead father, Hector's twin brother Alex, a rotting corpse also essayed by the resilient Naschy.

Cast by novice producer Juan Gomez after he spotted her photo in David Quinlan's book *The Illustrated Directory of Film Stars*, Munro plays a poor Spanish maid named Carmen, relentlessly pursued by the homicidally horny Hector. Unfamiliar with Naschy or his work, Munro asked her solicitor father to read the clumsily translated screenplay, which was filled with guilt and retribution, sexual repression and religious obsession.

"Obviously, he didn't think it was brilliant," she admits. "But he said, 'It's certainly no worse than some others you've done, and it might be an interesting part for you.' I thought it could be a mistake for me to do it, but because I liked my part, I decided to take a chance. Besides, if my dad thought it was all right, then it must be OK."

Burdened by an unwanted glamor image as a perennial sex symbol, Munro enthusiastically donned plain-looking clothes, flat shoes and an apron, and pinned back her long dark hair to convincingly portray her earthy character. Likewise, Munro actually scrubbed floors and even chopped the head off a real dead chicken on camera. "I wasn't very keen on that," she concedes. "Paul gave me a whacking great knife — twice the size of *'Crocodile' Dundee's* knife — and said, 'Cut the head off the chicken.' I told him, 'I *can't* do that.' I just cut it gently down the middle. He said, 'That's no good. You must look like you've done it all your life.' So I finally *did* cut the head off. It was a touch of the Tom Savini there."

A popular genre figure in Europe and Japan, Naschy has yet to conquer the more demanding American market, though three of his films were released here theatrically in the mid-1970s by Sam Sherman's Independent-International Pictures and several of his other movies are currently available on home video. To facilitate American distribution, Naschy shot *The Howl of the Devil* in English; since he doesn't speak the language, he delivered his dialogue phonetically, and his voice will subsequently be dubbed by an American actor. This unusual production problem created an awkward acting situation for Munro, who performed her part with her normal British accent, at Naschy's instruction.

Paul Naschy's intense eyes were unnerving but just right for his roles, reports Caroline. (From *Hunchback of the Morgue*)

Photo: Bill George

The beautiful Munro deteriorates in captivity.

"It was a bit more difficult than I was used to, but that made it more of a challenge," she notes. "Most of the master shots were done over Paul's shoulder, showing me speaking. Some of the time, he was actually speaking Spanish. Because I understand Spanish fairly well and I knew the intention of the scenes, I could tell what he was saying and when it was time for me to speak.

"I was nervous at first, because Paul is a foreboding-looking fellow with a great deal of energy. He is very intense in his work, very European in his approach, with extraordinarily piercing eyes. But he was exactly right for his character. Once we began working together, I found him quite easy to get on with."

Naschy even allowed Munro to rewrite her own dialogue. "I'm hopeless at writing," she maintains. "But the script left something to be desired, because it was translated too literally from Spanish to English. Many of the lines were archaic and ungrammatical. So I rewrote my dialogue to make it more conversational. I offered to help rewrite the rest of the dialogue as well, but Paul didn't want to confuse the other actors."

Adding her creative input in such a manner is a new occurrence for Munro, who previously would passively accept her scenes as written, regardless of any misgivings. "That comes with experience," she observes. "You learn what you will or won't do in a scene. There are certain things I *won't* do. Generally, there isn't much substance to the characters in most genre movies, unless you create some for yourself. Now, I feel I'm in a position — at my age — to be thinking more about characterization."

Munro, satisfied with her Spanish sojourn, believes *The Howl of the Devil* will spotlight a more self-confident side of her acting personality. "I won't say I *enjoyed* every minute," she acknowledges, "but I was certainly kept on my toes. I hope people will see more range from me as an actress than they've seen before. I had to extend myself more in the role. I had some initial reservations, but everything felt right while we were making it. There was nothing about *my* scenes that offended me. Of course, I don't know how the finished film will turn out, but for my part, I'm really pleased I did it."

Completing her *Howl of the Devil* role in 12 shooting days over a three-week period, Munro next flew to Geneva, Switzerland to star in the unusual industrial show *The New Travels of Marco Polo*. While in Geneva, she was contacted by director Jess Franco, offering her a leading role in his latest thriller *Faceless*.

Filmed in and around Paris during November and December of 1987, *Faceless* (a.k.a. *Les Predators de la Nuit*) revives the moribund subgenre of surgical atrocity movies initiated in 1959 by Georges Franju's classic *Eyes Without a Face* (a.k.a. *The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus*) and imitated by Franco's own *The Awful Dr. Orloff* in 1961. The first feature produced by Rene Chateau, France's leading video distributor, *Faceless* boasts an impressive international cast including Helmut Berger, Telly Savalas, Anton Diffring, Chris Mitchum and 79-year-old Howard Vernon, reprising his tireless Dr. Orloff persona. Jacques (*Lifeforce*) Gastineau provides graphic makeup FX.

Doubling as screenwriter under the pseudonym "Fred Castle," Chateau personally chose Munro, having seen her work in *Starcrash* and *Maniac*, which he released on video in France. In a resonant bit of casting, she plays jet-set American model Barbara Hallen, whose mysterious disappearance motivates the entire storyline. Kidnapped from a modeling session by actress Brigitte Lahaie (France's most notorious porno queen in a rare mainstream role), Barbara is brought to a fashionable health farm run by sinister plastic surgeon Doctor Flamand (Berger), who constantly requires fresh blood and organs with which to rejuvenate his chic clientele.

Aided by ex-Nazi scientist Juan Moser (Diffring), Flamand plans to graft Barbara's exquisite face onto his horribly disfigured sister, until a savage assault renders her skin unusable. Meanwhile, alarmed by his daughter's inexplicable absence, New York millionaire Terry Hallen (Savalas) sends Vietnam-veteran-turned-private-detective Morgan (Mitchum) to Paris to discover her whereabouts. As Morgan's investigation draws him closer to the truth, Flamand and his sadistic henchman Gordon sharpen their chainsaws and drills for the inevitably gruesome final confrontation.

Chiefly confined to a padded cell in an actual clinic undergoing renovation, Munro spends most of her screen time in a short white hospital smock. As her character recovers from her brutal attack, she is repeatedly injected with debilitating drugs, hastening her mental and physical deterioration. Abdicating her reluctant glamor image with a vengeance, Munro had no qualms about appearing progressively more disheveled.

"I wanted to look as extreme as I could get," she insists. "In fact, I encouraged them to make me look *worse*. It actually helped me as an actress. The worse I looked and felt, the better my performance. When I was crying, my tears were real. I didn't need glycerine, because I felt truly *degraded*. It had to be that way, it was so important to see the change in Barbara—to show the glamorous, confident, attractive woman at the beginning, and the poor, sad, pathetic creature at the end. Otherwise, the film wouldn't work."

Hard to believe it, but Munro claims she frightened people by wandering around the set in her skimpy costume.

> **"I decided to take a chance. Besides, if my dad thought it was all right, it must be OK."**

Responsive to the actress' concerns, Franco thoughtfully decided to shoot Munro's unpleasant scenes in reverse order. "That way, I could look forward to feeling clean," she points out. "It was a good method, because I hated being so dirty. I had grease in my hair. I really looked a mess. But it felt absolutely right for the part.

"In fact, I looked almost *too* convincing," Munro smiles. "At one point, I was walking down the back stairs at the clinic, wearing only a little white smock. I was made up with a bloody cut on my face. One of the real nurses saw me and exclaimed, 'Oh, *mon Dieu*! What happened?' She thought I had really been injured. Many of the actual patients gave me very funny looks. I should think it put them off going back to that clinic."

Jess Franco, according to Munro, proved to be a surprisingly careful and considerate filmmaker. "I had never heard of Jess before, but I enjoyed working with him very much," Munro remarks. "I trusted him and felt confident with him. He speaks very good English. I could ask him questions, and he would help me. He has a great sensitivity with actors. He understood how we felt and gave us encouragement."

A former model herself, Munro easily mastered the American accent she delivers in *Faceless*. "It's better than the American accent I did in *Slaughter High*," she comments, "because I've had more experience at it. But it's still quite a soft American accent, since the character has been living and working in Europe, and that has affected the way she speaks. I suppose it's more of a mid-Atlantic accent. I just hope people won't assume I've been dubbed by an American actress again."

Finishing her *Faceless* fright fest after three hectic weeks in France, Munro next appeared in her first TV movie, *Maigret*. Directed by Paul (*Prom Night*) Lynch, the film is based on a popular series of mystery novels by Georges Simenon. Munro portrays Carolyn Pace, power-hungry secretary to scheming American millionaire Patrick O'Neal.

"I just want to be a working actress," she says, then pauses to reflect on her future plans. "Frankly, I never thought of myself any other way. I've never wanted the huge success that other people have wanted for me. I'm very happy doing smaller films.

"Without shouting to the whole world, I can push myself quite far within these roles and not be looked at too critically," Munro decides. "The success or failure of these movies is not on my shoulders. Each one's just another acting experience for me. And I find I get better with each new experience; I'm still learning my craft all the time."

PIECE O'MIND

by Chas. Balun

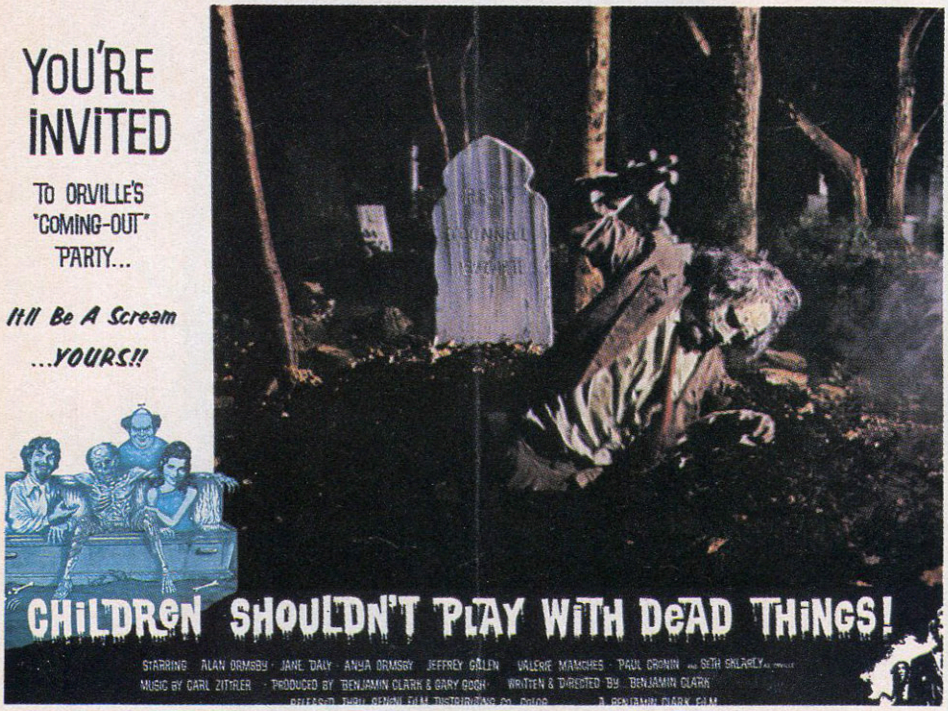

YOU'RE INVITED
TO ORVILLE'S "COMING-OUT" PARTY...
It'll Be A Scream ...YOURS!!
CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS!
STARRING ALAN ORMSBY · JANE DALY · ANYA ORMSBY · JEFFREY GILLEN · VALERIE MAMCHES · PAUL CRONIN and SETH SKLAREY
MUSIC BY CARL ZITTRER · PRODUCED BY BENJAMIN CLARK & GARY GOCH · WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY BENJAMIN CLARK
RELEASED THRU GENENI FILM DISTRIBUTING CO. COLOR · A BENJAMIN CLARK FILM

Photo: Jim Murray

You've got to love those Alan Ormsby ghouls in *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*.

Raw Dead Things That Squirm in the Night

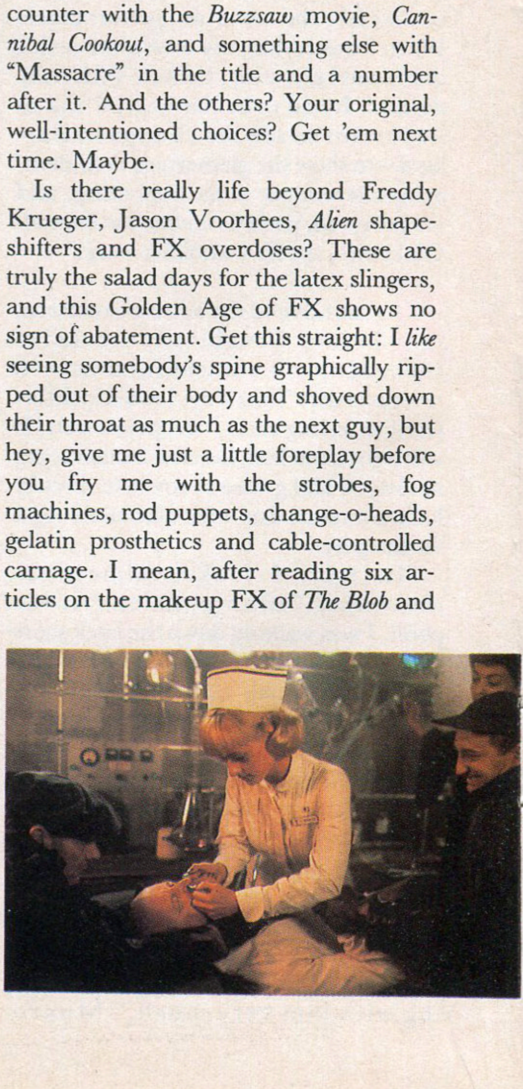
Tough choice, man. I know. Been there plenty of times: standing in the video store, clutching a few of the older genre titles you've never quite gotten around to renting. You know, the dusty old stuff made back in the Triassic Period, way before *Dawn of the Dead*, *Friday the 13th*, *American Werewolf in London* or *Alien*. Way, way back in the early and mid-1970s, before multiple dismemberments, body counts, superstar psycho killers, FX thrill shows and witless teens became the standard in genre filmmaking. A time before horror films could easily be categorized and assigned to specific subgenres. Before smirking, slightly condescending labels like Teenkill, Slice 'n' Dice and Stalk 'n' Slash became part of the genre vocabulary. Before FANGORIA, even.

And now *you* are going to do something about it. You're taking a little homework back with you this time. Congratulations, you've selected Bob Clark's *Deathdream* (1972), Amando de Ossorio's *Night of the Seagulls* (1975), and Alfred Sole's *Alice, Sweet Alice* (1974). Good lad. But now comes the *really* tough part—you've got to walk your cargo past the center aisle and away from the conspicuously placed display containing all the new arrivals. Row after row of gleaming, screaming new product, colorfully festooned with little Day-glo stickers, boldly asserting their temporary, unique status as the VERY LATEST THING. You can't look away. You hear the siren's song: "BIGGER! BETTER! BLOODIER! INTENSE EXPLICIT FOOTAGE *NOT* SEEN IN THEATERS! INCREDIBLE FX! JUMBO SHOCK-O-RAMA!" Yow!

Dazzling, airbrushed poster art nearly completes the seduction, and all of a sudden, the cruddy little painting on the *Deathdream* box begins to unravel your confidence. God! What if the movie's as lousy as the cover art? What then? Jeez! The box for *Zombie Buzzsaw Apocalypse 2000 A.D.* looks like it's in 3-D. Not only that, it's been filmed in Viscera Vision with FX by the guys who worked on *Nailgun Nightmare 3*.

So there you are, up at the check-out counter with the *Buzzsaw* movie, *Cannibal Cookout*, and something else with "Massacre" in the title and a number after it. And the others? Your original, well-intentioned choices? Get 'em next time. Maybe.

Is there really life beyond Freddy Krueger, Jason Voorhees, *Alien* shape-shifters and FX overdoses? These are truly the salad days for the latex slingers, and this Golden Age of FX shows no sign of abatement. Get this straight: I *like* seeing somebody's spine graphically ripped out of their body and shoved down their throat as much as the next guy, but hey, give me just a little foreplay before you fry me with the strobes, fog machines, rod puppets, change-o-heads, gelatin prosthetics and cable-controlled carnage. I mean, after reading six articles on the makeup FX of *The Blob* and



Why suffer from sinus headaches? Next allergy season, try the *Dead and Buried* low-pH nasal acid remedy.

Photo: Bill George

Old Ez gets to work on his famous oyster soup recipe in *Deranged*.

another dozen background pieces on *Nightmare on Elm Street* sequels, you've got to come up for air. In our rush for MORE GORE! MORE FX! MORE EVERYTHING!, the current crop of horror films are merely getting louder, brasher and more spectacular without really getting better. Truly, an Age of Illusion.

Just where the hell have all the storytellers gone? Are they currently enrolling in classes to learn how to make 14-foot rubber tentacles burst convincingly out of someone's chest and strangle some teenage pinhead with an ugly haircut? We've got to realize that we've made some trade-offs in order to reach this current state of affairs. As audiences (and especially horror fans) have grown more sophisticated, they've demanded more and more of the technical wizardry supplied by the FX artists, much to the impairment of the other aspects of competent filmmaking and storytelling. We all know how it's done now, thanks to countless behind-the-scenes peeks at the artists at work, but somehow that knowledge has helped to subvert our sense of wonder.

Many American directors working in the '70s were talented craftsmen. They never became household names like Romero, Hooper, Cronenberg or Dante; nonetheless, they've quietly explored themes and directions in the horror medium with lasting import—that is, if you'll take the time to "rediscover" them.

While seeking evidence to support my theory of Fright Before Freddy, I continued to encounter several names of filmmakers responsible for a disproportionate number of solidly imaginative, original works. Bob Clark and Alan Ormsby began to show up regularly. Clark, whose most recent films like *Porky's* and *A Christmas Story* have certainly served to cover his bloodied tracks as he departed from horror filmmaking, was a busy auteur during an extremely productive three-year period beginning in 1972 with *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*. Clark wrote, produced and directed while Ormsby was the co-writer, star and FX artist. Surely, Ormsby's hammy braggadocio and frequently grating performance as the leader of the theatrical troupe partying in a graveyard may be an acquired taste, but there's no denying the visceral, galvanic power of the film's climactic zombie assault. Nifty makeup, too.

> **The current batch of horror films are merely getting louder, brasher and more spectacular without really getting better.**

Ormsby was Tom Savini's *boss* on their next film, *Deathdream* (1972, a.k.a. *Dead of Night*), once again produced and directed by Bob Clark. Creepy and un-

Deranged is just as ghoulish, unsettling and, well . . . deranged as *Texas Chainsaw*.

pretentious, it tells the story of a returning combat soldier who's got a hell of a surprise for his Mom and Pop: He's dead and getting worse by the minute. Two years later, Clark directed and coproduced *Black Christmas* (1974), a very classy, tense and suspenseful sorority house slasher that featured an unusually strong cast with Margot Kidder, Keir Dullea, Olivia Hussey and John Saxon.

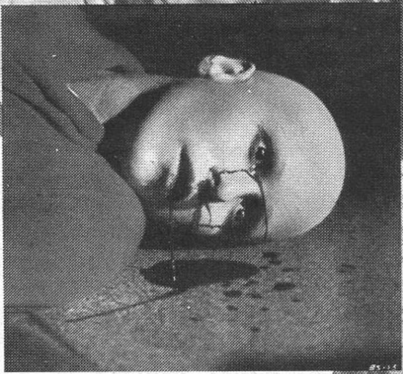
However, it is with the rarely seen, Ed Gein-inspired *Deranged* (1974) that the real horror finally found a home. Though lacking the operatic, kinetic energy of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Deranged* is just as ghoulish, unsettling and, well . . . deranged as Hooper's film. Ormsby co-directed and wrote the film in addition to his FX chores, once again working with Tom Savini in creating the various mummified corpses used so effectively in the funereal dinner table sequence. *Deranged* proves that fright, fear and terror can come *really* cheap but just as chilling as anything generated by today's legions of terror technicians.

Though the film dispenses with many of the grislier elements laid out in Judge Robert H. Gollmar's book *Edward Gein* (1984, Pinnacle Books), *Deranged* still manages to offer a plentiful panoply of perversions. Gone are the real-life shoeboxes full of sex organs (some painted silver to hide that distasteful green color they'd acquired), belts made of nipples and hearts in saucepans. But hey, that's OK. What's left is a most unsettling study of human psychosexual pathology that crawls right beneath your skin and stays there. Roberts Blossom's portrayal of Ezra Cobb, "The Butcher of Woodside," is a multilayered triumph of complexity. Cobb is alternately touching, terrifying, pathetic and perverse, sometimes all within a single sequence. After all, you're bound to get just a little bit twisted when your beloved mother's dying words are a warning to keep away from "the filthy, black-souled sluts with pus-filled sores with gonorrhea, syphilis, and death . . . they'll steal your soul, Ez." *Shee-ish!* No wonder the guy kept it zipped up for over 50 years. *Deranged* is just the tale to remind you that sometimes the worst imaginable hell can be found right here at home, buried deep within the human heart.

The catalytic team of Clark and Ormsby has been silent since *Porky's II: The Next Day*. Clark remains a steady worker in non-genre projects, and Ormsby wrote scripts for both *My Bodyguard* and Paul Schrader's *Cat People* (1982).

Other unsung American directors getting a foothold during these years were Gary Sherman and Jeff Lieberman, both of whom have continued to work in the fear field into the late '80s. Sherman, whose shamefully neglected zombie thriller *Dead and Buried* (1981) was never given its due respect, caused quite a stir a decade earlier when even recalcitrant critics rallied to his side with the release of *Deathline* (a.k.a. *Raw Meat*) in 1972. Sherman's directorial debut concerns an

Photo: Bill George



TOP:
These British subway cave-in survivors have only one thing on their minds—*Raw Meat*.

MIDDLE:
Those shocking hippies! Now they're rampaging bald in the streets, thanks to a batch of evil *Blue Sunshine*.

RIGHT:
Ormsby was assisted on these *Deranged* makeups by a fellow named Tom Savini.

Photo: Jim Murray

We've told you a thousand times: Don't play in dry-cleaning bags! Why didn't this *Black Christmas* coed listen?

Photo: Bill George

1892 cave-in that buried a group of people alive beneath a crumbling underground subway station in London. The survivors manage to sustain themselves through cannibalism until they're discovered by the police and Donald Pleasence, who's been investigating the mysterious disappearance of a rather prestigious London commuter. Sherman's mastery of a maelstrom of emotions, ranging from fright, revulsion and degradation to sympathy, understanding and even merciful tenderness, echoes Albert Camus' *The Plague*, an existentially robust work about the triumph of man's spirit during the absolute worst of times.

After Sherman's unexplainable snubbing on *Dead and Buried*, he crossed genres and directed two muscular action hits—*Vice Squad* (1982) and *Wanted Dead or Alive* (1987)—before returning to the horror fold again in 1988, crashing and burning with *Poltergeist III*. Aw, shoot, four out of five ain't half bad. Gary, c'mon back anytime. All is forgiven.

Jeff Lieberman, another imaginative and inventive filmmaker, certainly deserves a footnote in the subgenre of Eco-Rampage films for *Squirm* (1976), inarguably the greatest killer worm movie ever made, bar none. This slimy, slithering spectacle shows closets full of 'em, rooms covered in 'em—frankly, more spineless lower life forms than you'd want to see in 10 lifetimes. Simply awesome material.

Lieberman came back in 1977 with *Blue Sunshine*, unleashing upon unsuspecting audiences a bold, slightly cracked vision of old hippie acid heads turning into balding, raving, knife-wielding psychos as a result of college experimentation with a tainted batch of LSD. (Survivors of the '60s out there know this is not quite as farfetched as it may sound.) Lieberman's own entry into the "maniac on the loose" sweepstakes during the Hacking Heyday of the early '80s was the OK dicer *Just Before Dawn* (1982). His latest film, *Remote Control*, is a provoking, insightful work probing the video addiction syndrome so many of us completists have flirted with. It even succeeds in making the sneering, usually obnoxious Kevin (*The Blob*) Dillon into a rather palatable hero. No mean feat.

OK, so maybe none of these guys have the audience or cult appeal to have film festivals named after them (that's for the dubious likes of Ted V. Mikels, Al Adamson and Ray Dennis Steckler, one must assume), but they're part of a rapidly dwindling, proud group of feisty genre experimenters who've almost become an endangered species. And with overblown, bombastic recycled crapola like *Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master* raking in close to $50 million at the box office, it's a sure bet that we'll be seeing more of Freddy, Jason and the Myers kid, and less of electrified worm life, balding and homicidal acid burnouts, zombie morticians, backwoods hide tanners and subterranean cannibals.

Shit, just when we needed 'em *most*. ✱

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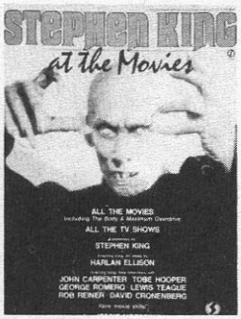
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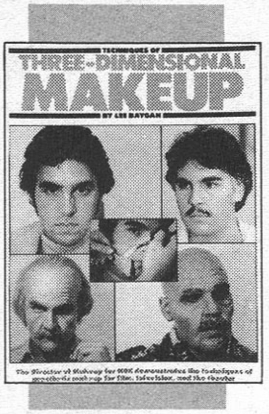
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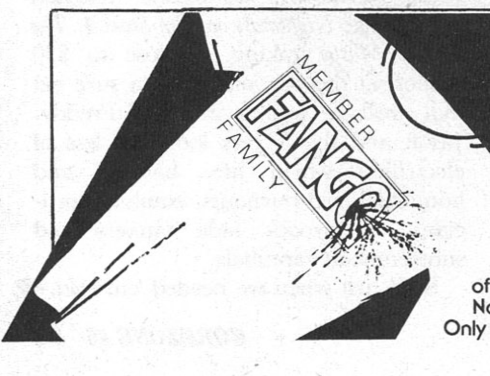
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By DOUG DREXLER

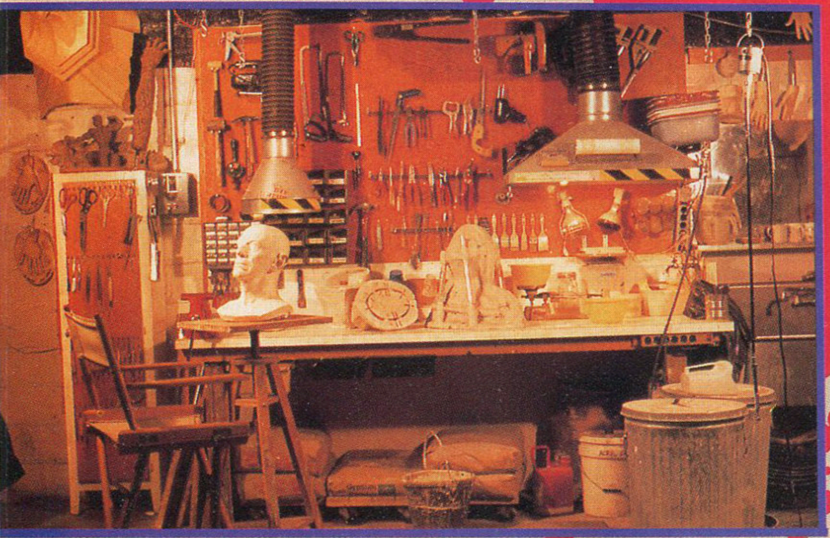
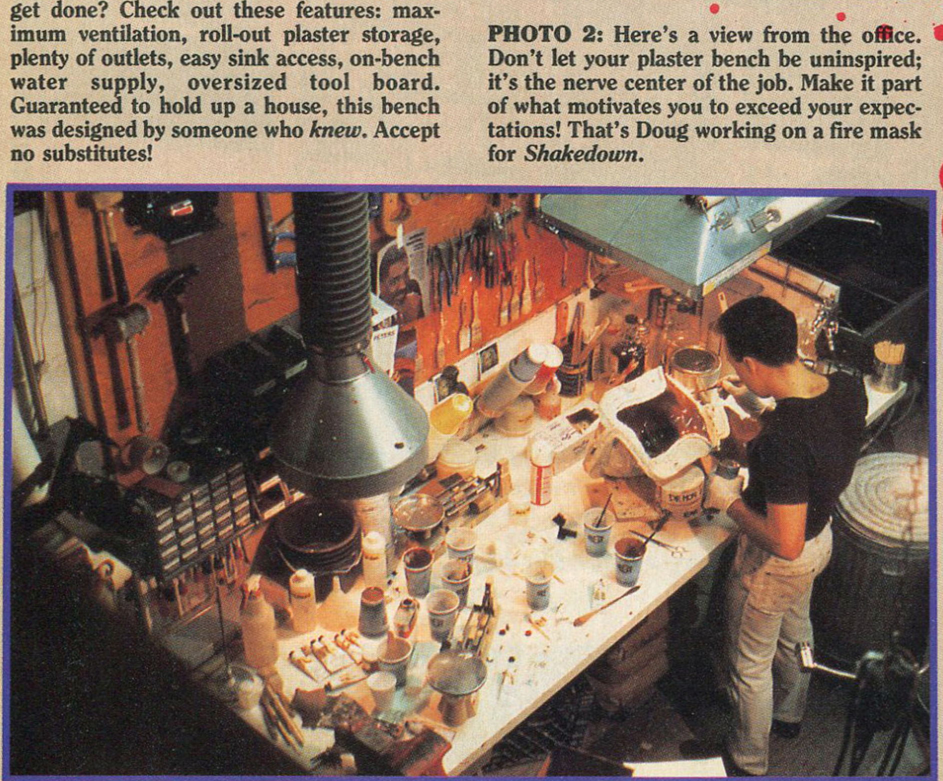


PHOTO 1: Ahhh! Take my breath away. Here's the plaster bench. What wonderful melodies have been played out at the keys of this instrument! Well-stocked, well-lit and well-organized—what more can you ask for when your butt's on fire and the job's got to get done? Check out these features: maximum ventilation, roll-out plaster storage, plenty of outlets, easy sink access, on-bench water supply, oversized tool board. Guaranteed to hold up a house, this bench was designed by someone who *knew*. Accept no substitutes!

LABERACE?!

PHOTO 2: Here's a view from the office. Don't let your plaster bench be uninspired; it's the nerve center of the job. Make it part of what motivates you to exceed your expectations! That's Doug working on a fire mask for *Shakedown*.



Lab Photos: Anthony "Squid" Fredrickson/Copyright C & D

Yeah! Get the lid on that crate and—*hey*! You're back! Whattaya know! Heh, heh. How's the family? Good, good. Yeah... The what? The "open house" column? I *forgot*! Aw, I'm sorry. We're out the door tonight. The writers' strike is over and things have heated up—red hot, in fact. But listen, no problem, you're here. Look around, have fun. John and I left notes on everything.

I wish I could tell you where we're off to, but I can't. We are prisoners of *temporal drag*, an effect caused by the magnetic forces of publishing schedules. To me, it's early October; to you, this must be sometime in January.

Well, gotta go. Lock up when you're through. Oh, and I left some slides upstairs for you to look at: what we did on our summer vacation! Some makeup shots from the CBS production *Liberace*. Real character stuff. Be still, my heart!

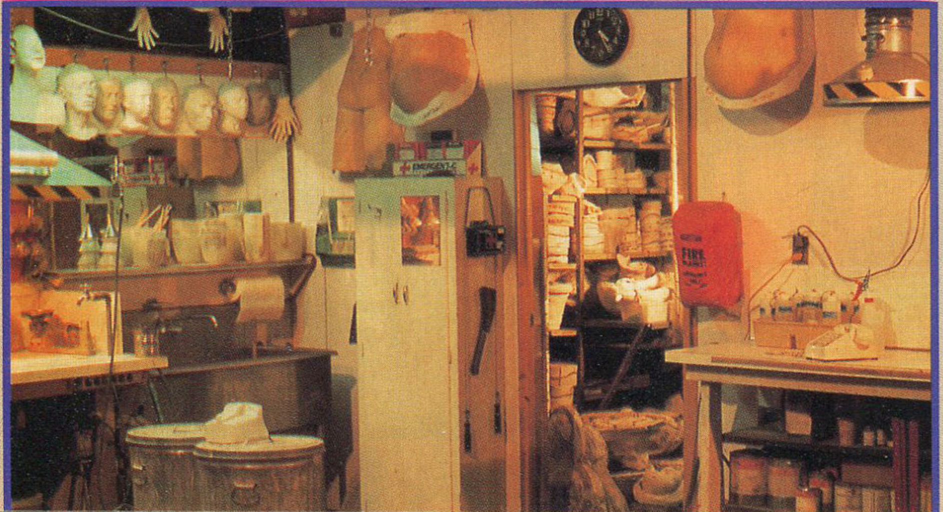


PHOTO 3: Immediately to the right of the bench is our access to mold storage and supplies. In use, plaster bags are kept in aluminum garbage cans. The cans ride castors so they glide effortlessly. Remember, ease of access is number one.

Please note the eye wash station to the right of the sink, first-aid kits on top of the cabinet and fire blanket to the right of the door. Yes, Virginia, that's another vent in the upper right. Did I say access is number one? Let ease of access begin with safety equipment.

PHOTO 4: Let's scoot to the right a little more and take a gander at the foam latex department, shall we? A nice big oven and more ventilation start things off on the right foot. To the left of the oven rests an oversized Hobart mixer for those 10 batches of foam latex (*shudder!*). Also in view are the baby Hobarts, triple beam balance and smaller laboratory oven. Note that we've built a free swinging mount to hold our five-gallon pails of latex base. This makes dispensing the stuff a breeze! That black hose in front of the latex syringe is for pressurized air; it stands by to blow out molds. Pressurized air is worth its weight in gold on the plaster bench.

The snappy yellow and black safety stripes keep people alert. A misplaced foot step could chip a mold awaiting foam injection. Want to feel like a jerk? Chip an important mold!

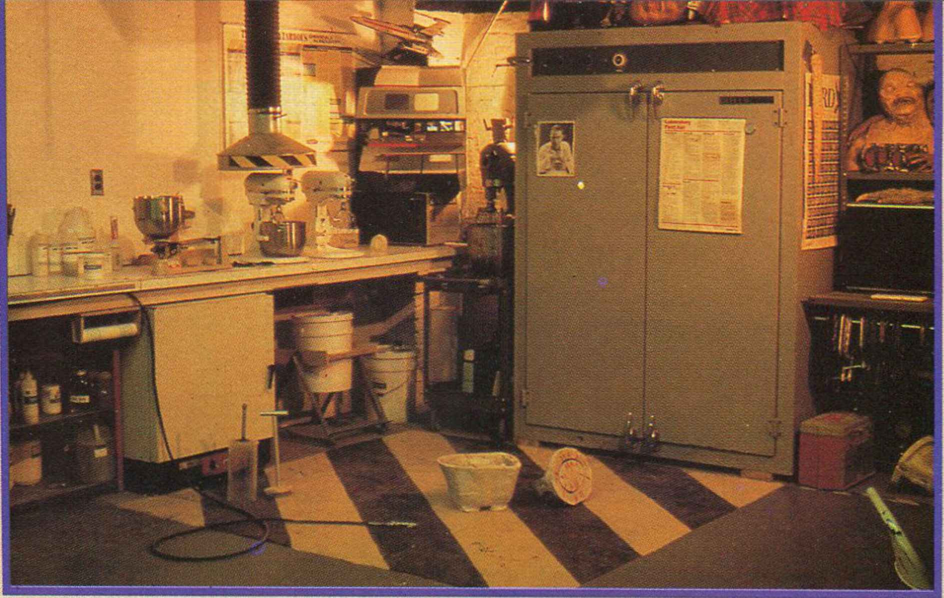
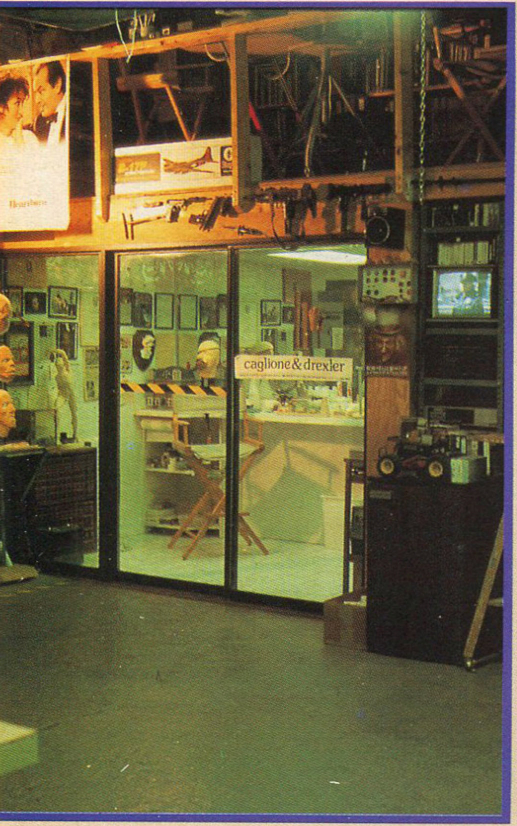


PHOTO 5: Beyond the sliding glass doors awaits the makeup room. More akin to a dentist's office, our makeup room inspires confidence: plenty of light, mirrors and air conditioning. The design reflects cleanliness.

Did I mention that the lab is split-level? You can just make out the loft area above the makeup room.



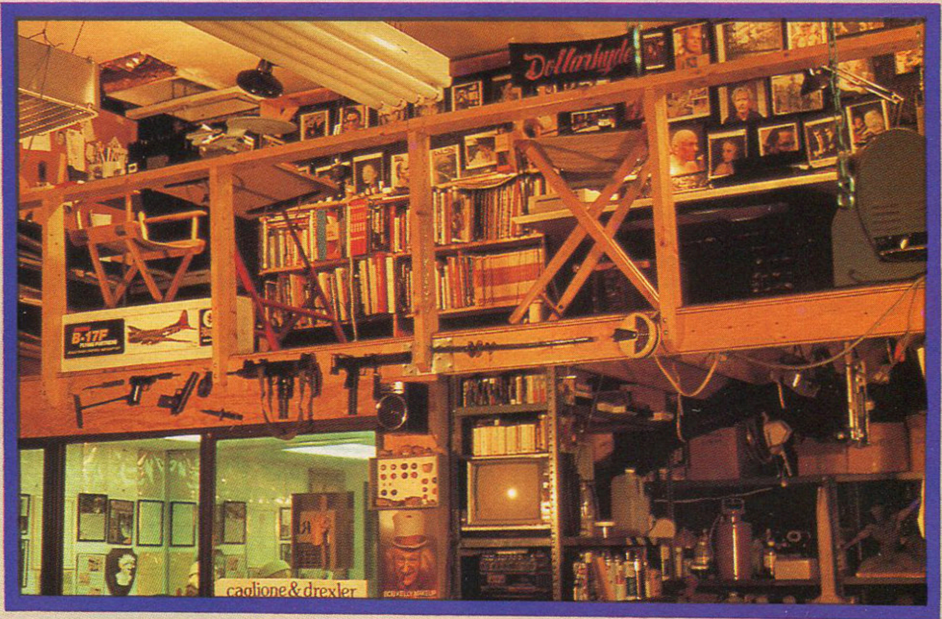
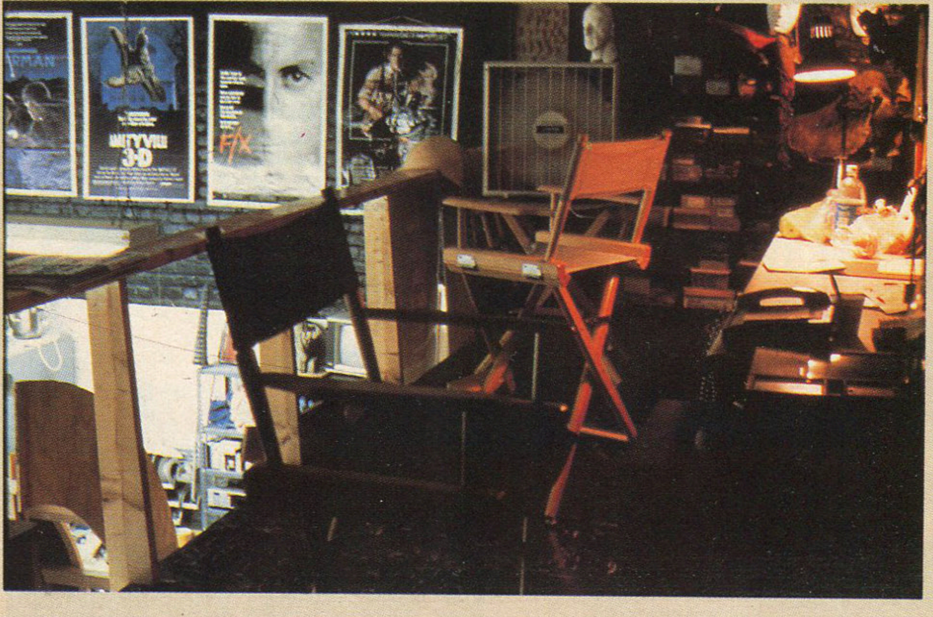


PHOTO 6: Second-level office and lounge, the bridge of our starship! Floating in the clouds is our extensive library, drawing boards, files, FAX, Xerox and audiovisual goodies.

PHOTO 7: The office area is warmer and more intimate than the main floor. Here we can put our feet up and reflect, debate and plan. Every station in the lab is visible from the office, which is akin to an operating arena.



Remember, ease of access is number one.

PHOTO 8: Below the office and to the right of the makeup room is our general utility/storage area. Keep it neat and organized and it serves you well; let it get out of control and it will drag you down as surely as a 2-ton safe. *Make friends with your storage area*!

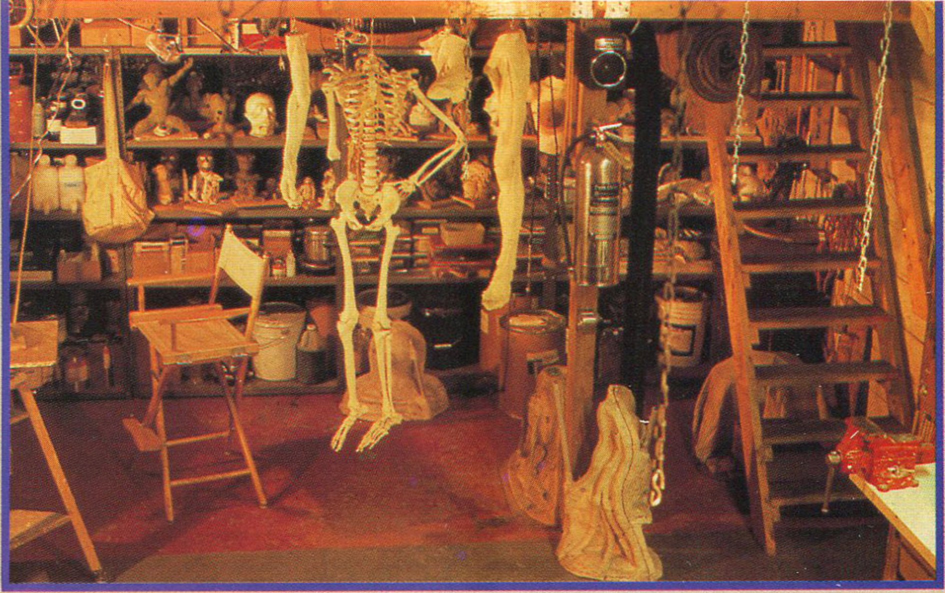
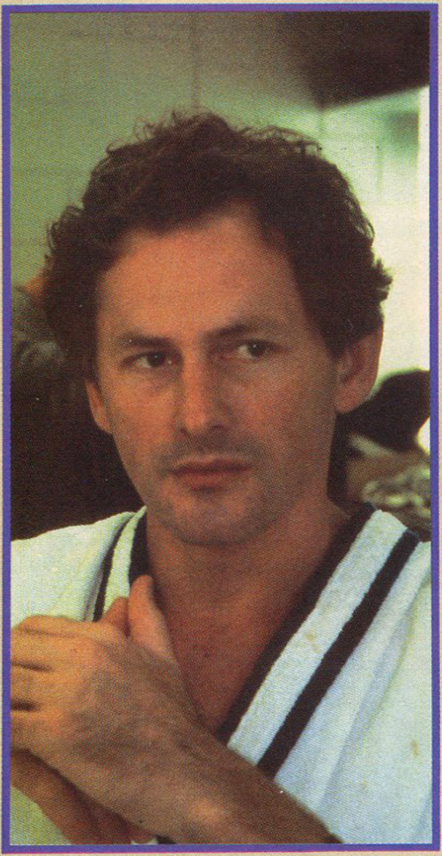


PHOTO 9: Time to put the lab to work. Tony-nominated actor Victor Garber was selected for the part of *Liberace* on CBS last fall. Proceeding from the standpoint of retaining the actor's face, John endeavored to render a Liberace-flavored Victor Garber, just enough to give the audience flashes of Liberace.



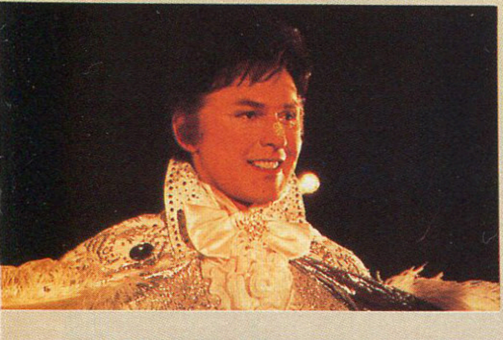


PHOTO 12: Yow! That smile—the kid's got it! Did I say that Caglione used to be a dental technician? The man is a genius.

Please note: There are five appliances here.

PHOTO 13: When these two came onto the stage together for the first time, they struck that infamous pose. The crew went wild with applause. It was a great moment that left you shaking your head in astonishment.

PHOTO 10: In television, you work *fast*. John had it sculpted in two days. The thin chin was ultimately left out of the completed makeup, and the nose was shortened a tad. We were on the set in nine days. Most notable was the dental work on this job. John fashioned a potato chip-thin denture, which magically turned Victor's smile into a flashing neon sign that proclaimed "Liberace."

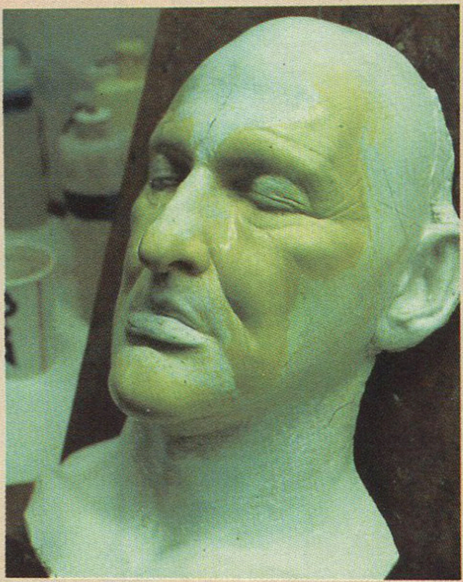


PHOTO 11: One for the techno-heads. Doug breaks the molds down into six pieces and floats the clay off the life cast of Victor. "Start mixin' the Ultra-cal, I'm on the down wind leg!"

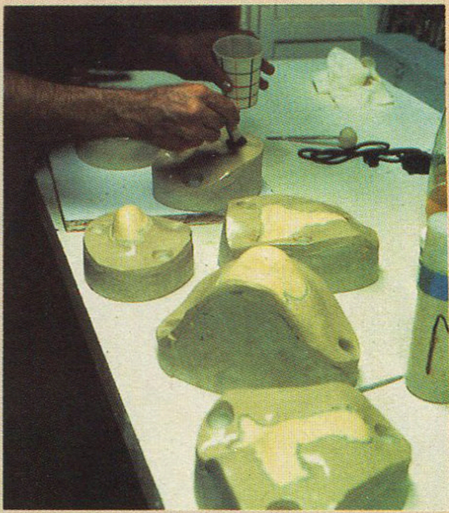
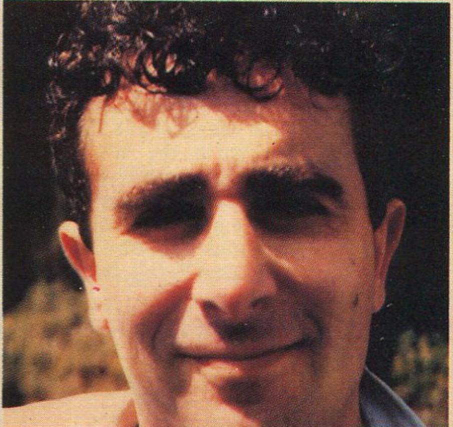


PHOTO 14: *Liberace* spans about 35 years. Originally, our concern was strictly Liberace himself. Then the production company shot up a flare asking if we could provide some prosthetics. Once again, Dick Smith acted as our guardian angel, drawing forth from his vaults some wonderful appliances that had us goo-goo eyed.

What an incredible opportunity to experience putting these appliances down. You *feel* the thought that went into them. Your brain and hand follow the brain and hand of the maestro.

(Thanks again, Dick!) Here's the before...



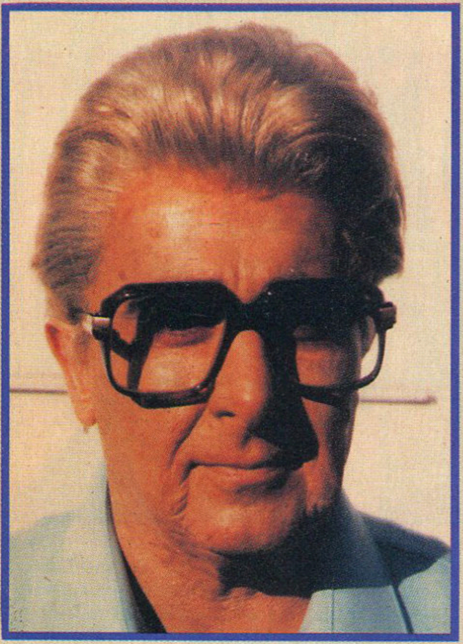


PHOTO 15: . . . and the after. Nasal labial folds and jowels, wattle and stipple.

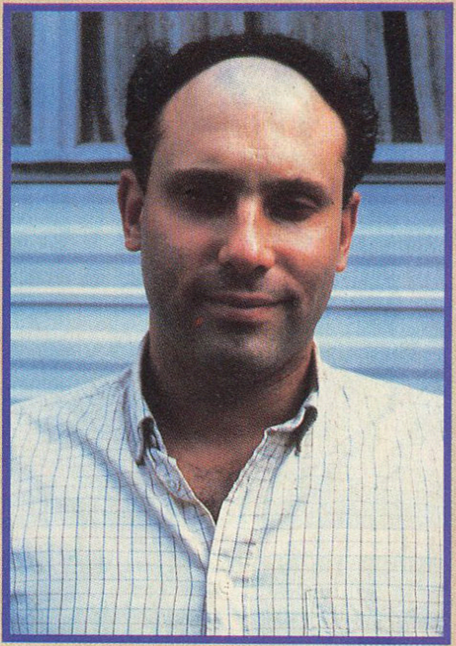


PHOTO 16: Another before . . .

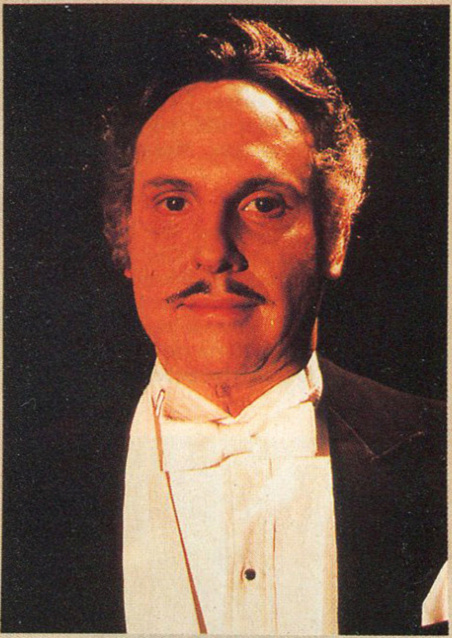


PHOTO 17: . . . and after.

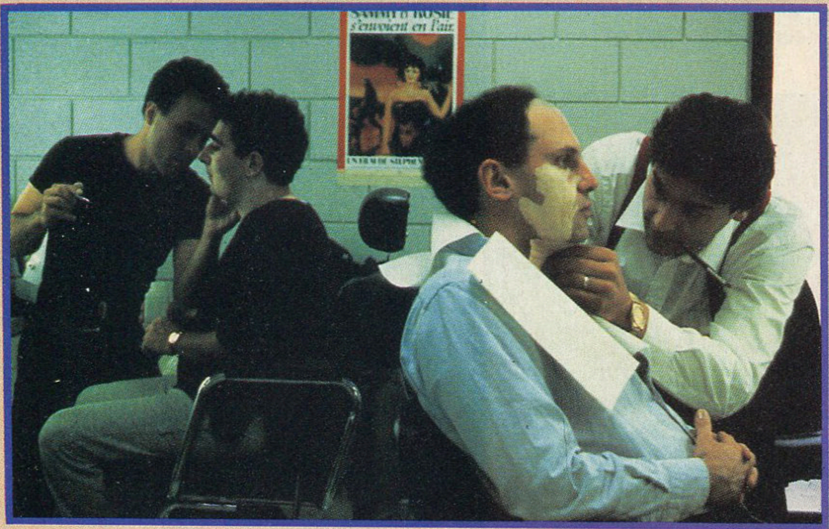


PHOTO 18: Cag and Drex boogie.

PHOTO 19: John Caglione, right at home.

Once again, Dick Smith acted as our guardian angel, drawing forth some wonderful appliances that had us goo-goo eyed.

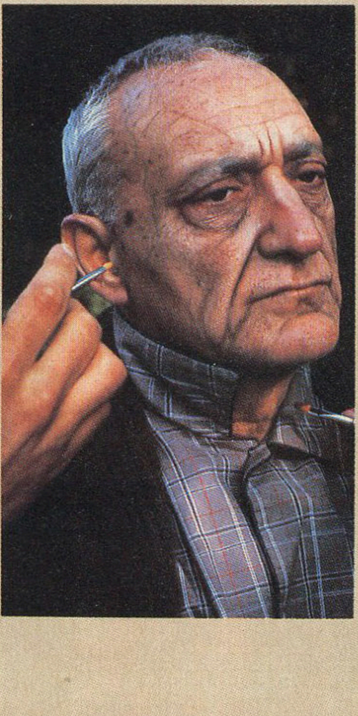


PHOTO 20: A parting shot. The production threw one last curve with Liberace's dying father, Salvatore. A youngish and fit man in his 60s had been cast in the role. He was rambunctious and about as far from dying as a man could get! No appliances for this one; instead, John called a paint party on the set. Working with Joan (*Quest for Fire*) Isaacson and Ann (*Barry Lyndon*) Brody, he pulled a rabbit from the hat.

Hey, it was nice to touch base with all of you before jumping into the blast. You can expect to see some plenty classy columns from us this year. As for next time, let's keep it open. Prosthetically speaking, things are simmering nicely. Aloha!

VIDEO HORRORAMA

The complete source of horror home video...
your chance to get hard-to-find movies...if you don't see it listed here,
write and tell us what you want.

A

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$79.95	Alchemist, The
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$59.95	Alien Factor
$39.95	Alien Prey
$69.95	Alison's Birthday
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$59.95	And Soon the Darkness
$59.95	Andy Warhol's Dracula
$59.95	Andy Warhol's Frankenstein
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$39.95	Appointment, The
$79.95	April Fool's Day
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$59.95	Asphyx
$49.95	Astro Zombies
$79.95	Asylum
$49.95	Asylum of Satan
$59.95	Attic, The
$59.95	Audrey Rose
$79.95	Autopsy
$59.95	Awakening, The

B

$59.95	Babysitter, The
$49.95	Bad Ronald
$59.95	Bad Seed, The
$19.95	Basket Case
$59.95	Beast
$79.95	Beast Must Die, The
$69.95	Beast Within
$49.95	Beasts
$19.95	Bedlam
$29.95	Bees, The
$59.95	Before I Hang
$79.95	Being, The
$79.95	Ben
$29.95	Best of Alfred Hitchcock
$49.95	Beyond Evil
$54.95	Beyond the Door
$59.95	Beyond the Door II
$49.95	Beyond the Living Dead
$59.95	Billy the Kid vs. Dracula
$39.95	Biohazard
$59.95	Birds, The
$59.95	Bits and Pieces
$59.95	Black Christmas
$69.95	Black Sabbath
$59.95	Blackout
$59.95	Black Room, The (B&W)
$69.95	Black Room, The (Color)
$29.95	Blackenstein
$19.95	Blacula
$59.95	Blood and Black Lace
$39.95	Blood Beast Terror, The
$69.95	Blood Bride
$69.95	Blood Castle
$19.95	Blood Feast
$79.95	Blood Link
$29.95	Blood of Dracula's Castle
$59.95	Blood Voyage
$59.95	Bloodbath at House of Death
$29.95	Bloodfeast
$59.95	Bloodsucking Freaks
$79.95	Bloody Birthday
$59.95	Bloody Moon
$79.95	Bloody New Year
$69.95	Blue Sunshine
$19.95	Body Snatcher, The
$49.95	Bog
$59.95	Boogey Man, The
$69.95	Boogey Man II
$19.95	Brain of Blood
$59.95	Brain That Wouldn't Die
$49.95	Brain, The
$69.95	Brainwaves
$69.95	Breeders
$39.95	Bride of Frankenstein, The
$79.95	Bride, The
$59.95	Brimstone and Treacle
$24.95	Brood, The
$59.95	Brotherhood of Satan
$59.95	Brute Man
$44.95	Bug
$79.95	Burial Ground
$39.95	Buried Alive
$59.95	Burning, The
$59.95	Burnt Offerings

C

$19.95	C.H.U.D.
$59.95	Caged Terror
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$44.95	Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter
$49.95	Carnage
$29.98	Carrie
$39.95	Castle of Evil
$19.95	Cat People
$89.95	Cat People (1982)
$29.98	Cat's Eye
$59.95	Cathy's Curse
$39.95	Cauldron of Blood
$9.95	Chambers of Horrors
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$59.95	Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things
$29.95	Children of the Full Moon
$69.95	Children, The
$29.95	Christine
$59.95	Circus of Horrors
$39.95	City of the Walking Dead
$79.95	Class of Nuke 'Em High
$39.95	Class Reunion Massacre
$69.95	Clones, The
$69.95	Clonus Horror, The
$79.95	Company of Wolves, The
$59.95	Comeback, The
$19.95	Corpse Vanishes, The
$19.95	Count Dracula (1971)
$69.95	Count Yorga, Vampire
$69.95	Craving, The
$79.95	Crawlspace
$49.95	Crazed
$39.95	Creation of Humanoids
$59.95	Creature From Black Lake
$79.95	Creepers
$49.95	Creeping Flesh
$19.98	Creepshow
$79.95	Creepshow 2
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$79.95	Critters
$59.95	Crocodile
$49.95	Crucible of Terror
$49.95	Crypt of the Living Terror
$19.98	Cujo
$59.95	Curse of Frankenstein
$39.95	Curse of the Black Widow
$19.95	Curse of the Cat People
$69.95	Curse of the Demon
$39.95	Curse of the Living Corpse
$39.95	Curse of the Werewolf
$29.95	Cyclops, The

D

$59.95	Dario Argento's World of Horror
$59.98	Dark Night of the Scarecrow
$59.95	Dark Secret of Harvest Home
$19.95	Dark, The
$39.98	Daughter of Dr. Jekyll
$39.95	Daughter of Darkness
$19.95	Dawn of the Dead
$69.95	Dawn of the Mummy
$69.95	Day of Judgement
$79.95	Day of the Dead
$69.95	Day of the Maniac
$69.95	Dead and Buried
$49.95	Dead Don't Die
$79.95	Dead Zone, The
$69.95	Deadly Blessing
$69.95	Deadly Eyes
$79.95	Deadly Friend
$69.95	Deadly Intruder, The
$59.95	Deadly Sunday
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$59.95	Dear Dead Dililah
$59.95	Deathdream
$49.95	Death Kiss
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$59.95	Demon
$59.95	Demon Rage
$59.95	Demon Seed
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$79.95	Demons
$79.95	Demons 2
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$19.95	Devil Bat
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$69.95	Devil's Gift, The
$59.95	Devil's Nightmare
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$59.95	Devilfish
$29.95	Devonsville Terror
$79.95	Diary of the Dead
$59.95	Die, Die, My Darling
$79.95	Die, Monster, Die
$59.95	Doctor and the Devil, The
$39.95	Doctor Butcher, MD
$59.95	Doctor Death
$69.95	Doctor Phibes Rises Again
$19.95	Don't Answer the Phone
$49.95	Don't Be Afraid of the Dark
$29.95	Don't Go in the House
$59.95	Don't Go in the Woods
$59.95	Don't Look in the Basement
$49.95	Don't Look Now
$69.98	Don't Open Till Christmas
$29.95	Dorm that Dripped Blood
$49.95	Dr. Frankenstein's Castle of Freaks
$59.95	Dr. Death
$59.95	Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde
$49.95	Dr. Jekyll's Dungeon of Death
$29.95	Dr. Terror's House of Horrors
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$79.95	Dracula (Langella)
$49.95	Dracula and Son
$59.95	Dracula's Great Love
$69.95	Dream Maniac
$59.95	Driller Killer
$59.95	Drive-In Massacre
$59.98	Dunwich Horror

BLOODY NEW YEAR
ACADEMY

MORE ➡

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$59.98	Entity, The
$79.95	Escapes
$59.95	Evictors
$19.95	Evil Dead
$79.95	Evil Dead 2
$39.95	Evil of Frankenstein
$39.95	Evil, The
$69.95	Evils of the Night
$59.98	Evilspeak
$24.98	Exorcist, The
$59.95	Exorcist II
$59.95	Eyeball
$59.95	Eyes of a Stranger
$69.95	Eyes of Amaryllis

F

$54.95	Fade to Black
$19.98	Fall of the House of Usher (Poe)
$59.95	**FANGORIA's Weekend of Horrors**
$59.95	Fear
$24.95	Fear No Evil
$49.95	Fiend (1983)
$39.95	Fiend Without a Face
$59.95	Fiend, The (1973)
$69.95	Final Exam
$79.95	Final Terror
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$39.95	Flesh Eaters, The
$69.95	Food of the Gods
$69.95	Forbidden World
$59.95	Forest, The
$39.95	Frankenstein (1931)
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$39.95	Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman
$39.95	Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster
$59.95	Freaks
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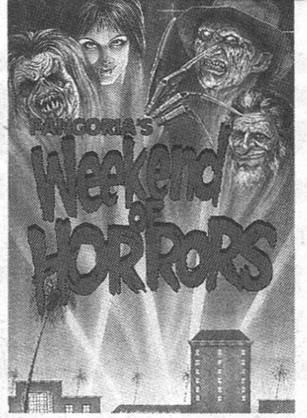
$79.95	Friday the 13th, Part 2
$79.95	Friday the 13th, Part 3
$79.95	Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter
$79.95	Friday the 13th, Part V
$79.95	Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives
$59.95	Frightmare
$59.95	Frightmare II
$29.95	Fright Night
$39.95	Fright Show (Cinemagic Short Film Winners)
$39.98	Frogs
$79.98	From Beyond
$59.95	From Beyond the Grave
$59.95	Funhouse
$59.98	Fury
$59.95	Fury of the Wolfman
$79.95	Future Kill

G

$29.95	Gallery of Horror
$79.98	Gate, The
$49.95	Ghost Dance
$59.95	Ghost Stories
$39.95	Ghost Story
$59.95	Ghostkeeper
$59.95	Ghoul, The
$79.95	Ghoulies
$69.95	Girls School Screamers
$24.95	God Told Me To



$59.95	Godsend, The
$29.95	Gorgo
$59.95	Gorgon, The
$69.95	Graduation Day
$49.95	Graveyard, The
$49.95	Grave of the Vampire
$59.95	Great Alligator, The
$24.98	Gremlins
$59.95	Grim Reaper
$19.95	Grizzly
$39.95	Gruesome Twosome

H

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$89.95	Halloween II
$79.95	Halloween III
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$69.95	Hands of the Ripper
$69.95	Happy Birthday to Me
$69.95	Hard Rock Zombies
$49.95	Hatchet for a Honeymoon
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$39.95	Haunting Passion
$59.95	Haunting, The
$59.95	Haunts
$59.95	He Knows You're Alone
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$19.95	Hell Night
$59.95	Hell Train
$79.95	Hellhole
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$19.95	Hills Have Eyes Pt. 2, The
$19.95	Hitcher, The
$69.95	Holocaust 2000
$39.95	Holy Terror
$59.95	Home Sweet Home
$59.95	Homebodies
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$59.95	Horror of Dracula
$59.95	Horror of Frankenstein
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$59.95	Horror Rises from the Tomb
$59.95	Horrors of Burke and Hare
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$39.95	House of the Damned
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$59.95	House on Haunted Hill
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$24.95	House That Vanished, The
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$19.98	Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte
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I

$59.95	I Spit on Your Corpse
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$18.95	Intruder Within, The
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$59.95	It's Alive!

J

$59.95	Jack the Ripper
$69.95	Jennifer
$59.95	Jesse James Meets Frankenstein's Daughter

K

$79.95	Keep, The
$49.95	Keeper, The
$39.95	Kill and Go Hide
$29.95	Killer in Every Corner
$79.98	Killer Party
$29.95	Kingdom of the Spiders
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L

$59.95	Lady Frankenstein
$59.95	Last Horror Film, The
$79.95	Last House on the Left
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$59.95	Legacy of Horror
$59.95	Legend of Boggy Creek
$59.98	Legend of Hell House
$59.95	Legend of Sleep Hollow
$49.95	Legend of the Werewolf
$29.95	Legend of Wolf Woman
$49.95	Let's Scare Jessica to Death
$57.95	Lift, The
$79.95	Link
$89.95	Little Shop of Horrors (Remake)
$29.95	Little Shop of Horrors (Original)
$39.95	Loch Ness Horror
$59.95	Lust for a Vampire

M

$19.95	Mad Butcher
$19.95	Mad Doctor of Blood Island
$59.95	Madhouse
$29.95	Madhouse Mansion
$69.95	Madman
$69.95	Magic
$69.95	Manhattan Baby
$79.95	Mania
$54.95	Maniac (1981)
$49.95	Maniac (1962)
$59.95	Maniac (Oliver Reed)
$59.95	Manitou, The
$59.95	Man They Could Not Hang
$59.95	Man Who Haunted Himself
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$69.95	Mark of the Devil
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$79.95	Maximum Overdrive
$24.95	Messiah of Evil
$79.95	Midnight
$59.95	Mind Snatchers, The
$79.95	Mirror of Death
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$69.95	Monster Dog
$59.95	Monster Hunter
$79.95	Mortuary
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$39.95	Mummy, The
$29.95	Murder Hotel
$59.95	Murder Mansion
$59.95	Murders in the Rue Morgue
$79.95	Mutant, The
$79.95	Mutilator
$69.95	My Bloody Valentine

N

$59.95	Nesting, The
$59.95	Night After Halloween
$59.95	Night Gallery
$59.95	Night of the Bloody Apes
$59.95	Night of the Cobra Woman
$79.95	Night of the Creeps
$59.95	Night of the Howling Beast
$19.95	Night of the Living Dead
$69.95	Night of the Zombies
$49.95	Night of the Zombies II
$59.95	Night School
$39.95	Night Stalker
$79.95	Night Train to Terror
$59.95	Night Warning
$39.98	Nightstalker, The
$59.95	Nightwing
$39.95	Nightmare
$49.95	Nightmare at 43 Hillcrest
$19.95	Nightmare on Elm Street
$89.95	Nightmare on Elm Street 2
$79.95	Nightmare on Elm Street 3
$79.95	Nightmare Weekend
$59.95	Nightmares

O

$59.95	Oasis of the Zombies
$69.95	Oblong Box (Poe)
$19.95	Octaman
$69.95	Of Unknown Origin
$59.95	Once Upon a Frightmare
$69.95	One Dark Night
$59.95	Oracle
$59.95	Orgy of the Dead
$49.95	Orphan

MORE ➡

P

$59.95	Parasite
$59.95	Phantasm
$59.98	Phantom of the Paradise
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$79.95	Pieces
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$69.95	Premature Burial (Poe)
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$59.95	Prophecy
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$69.95	Psychic, The
$59.95	Psycho
$79.95	Psycho II
$79.95	Psycho III
$59.95	Psycho Sisters
$29.95	Psychomania

Q

$69.95	Q—The Winged Serpent

R

$29.98	Rabid
$69.95	Rats
$39.95	Raven/Black Cat
$19.98	Raven, The
$79.98	Rawhead Rex
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$19.95	Return of the Living Dead
$59.95	Return of the Vampire
$59.98	Revenge in the House of Usher
$69.95	Revenge of the Dead
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$14.95	Revolt of the Zombies
$79.95	Rocktober Blood
$59.95	Rodan
$59.95	Rosemary's Baby

S

$19.98	Salem's Lot
$49.95	Satan's Blade
$59.95	Satan's Blood
$59.95	Satan's Harvest
$59.95	Satan's School for Girls
$24.95	Saturday the 14th
$49.95	Savage Bees, The
$19.95	Scanners
$49.95	Scared to Death
$59.95	Scars of Dracula
$54.95	Schizo
$39.95	Schizoid
$69.95	Scream and Scream Again
$39.95	Scream Greats, Vol. 1 "Tom Savini Makeup FX"
$39.95	Scream Greats, Vol. 2 "Satanism & Witchcraft"
$59.95	Scream of the Demon Lover
$59.95	Screamers
$79.95	Season of the Witch
$59.95	Sender, The
$39.95	Sentinel, The
$59.95	She Beast
$59.95	She Freak
$24.98	Shining, The
$59.95	Shock Waves
$59.95	Shout, The
$59.95	Shriek of the Mutilated
$19.95	Silent Night, Deadly Night
$79.95	Silent Night, Part 2
$79.95	Silver Bullet
$59.95	Skullduggery
$39.95	Slaughter of the Vampires
$69.95	Sleepaway Camp
$19.95	Slithis
$29.95	Slumber Party Massacre
$79.95	Slumber Party Part 2
$34.95	Snowbeast
$79.95	Sole Survivor
$79.95	Sorority House Massacre
$19.95	Space Vampires
$39.98	Sphinx
$59.95	Spirit of the Dead
$59.95	Squirm
$69.95	Stage Fright
$49.95	Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll/Hyde
$49.95	Stranger Within
$59.98	Strangler, The
$19.95	Stuff, The
$39.95	Suicide Cult
$79.95	Supernaturals, The
$79.95	Superstition
$24.95	Swamp Thing
$59.95	Swarm, The

T

$59.95	Tales from the Crypt
$29.95	Tales from the Darkside, Vol. 1
$29.95	Tales from the Darkside, Vol. 2
$29.95	Tales from the Darkside, Vol. 3
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$29.95	Tales from the Darkside, Vol. 6
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$59.95	Tales of Terror
$59.95	Tentacles
$59.95	Terror at Red Wolf Inn
$39.95	Terror Beneath the Sea
$79.95	Terror in the Aisles
$59.95	Terror in the Jungle
$59.95	Terror in the Swamp
$69.95	Terror in the Wax Museum
$29.95	Terror on Tape
$54.95	Terror on Tour
$49.95	Terror out of the Sky
$19.95	Terror, The
$79.95	TerrorVision
$39.95	Texas Chainsaw Massacre
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RAIDERS OF THE LIVING DEAD

WATCHDOG

(continued from page 19)

Templar Knights on the bicentennial of their blinding and annihilation by local villagers. Not the series' best outing, but an enjoyably tense little number, featuring two or three certifiably classic scenes. Picture quality is dark and a bit streaky, but you'll want it anyway.

THE ANSWER YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR (SUCH AS IT IS)

The Watchdog has been receiving a number of letters from readers interested in the foreign videos this column sometimes mentions and asking where they can buy or rent them.

This is a tricky issue, legally, because the producers of these films often sign exclusive video rights deals with companies that differ from country to country. Hence, police sometimes bust shops for *renting* foreign videos when they're in English. So I'll simply say, let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages of any major city directory, and look for video dealer ads featuring words like "ethnic," "foreign," or best of all "imports." Only trouble is, if you don't live near those stores, they certainly aren't going to rent to you through the mail.

Readers in melting pot cities can find treasure troves in "Mom & Pop" ethnic and grocery stores. Italian tapes tend to be in Italian without subtitles, while Spanish tapes are usually in English with Spanish subtitles, and both work on the American NTSC format—which probably means that certain titles are legally iffy, at best. Rent 'em while they're hot.

If you want to purchase foreign tapes, you'll have to stick to Japanese releases, unless you own a multistandard monitor/receiver or converter. The decreasing value of the dollar is making Japanese product virtually unaffordable (except to fanatics), with a single cassette costing $180 or more. Japanese laserdiscs are more reasonable, at upwards of $45. There are some shops that will do special orders in this field, but the wait can take months, and you usually have to provide them with the Japanese title (not always the same as in English) and the name of the Japanese manufacturer. Again, look through the Yellow Pages for "imports."

Perhaps the best way to circumvent the difficulties of acquiring foreign videos is, to coin a slogan, to stretch out and chip in. Organize video clubs with knowledgeable friends from different cities and pool your resources. It's better to jointly own a tape than to not have it at all. Good luck!

FICTION

(continued from page 15)

She was right where he'd left her when he returned, scrubbed and invigorated, his straight black hair plastered down. "I look like a new man, huh?" he asked, as he loosened her gag and drew it down about her neck. She made no reply. He again noticed her medallion and the five-pointed star engraved upon it. "If you was my woman, you'd be wearing gold instead of silver."

"My husband gave me that," she said coolly. "It's very old." She paused to run the tip of her tongue over her dry lips. "It's a charm against evil."

"That little ol' thing ain't gonna protect you from me," he scoffed, as he grabbed a handful of her long hair and lowered his face to hers in a harsh, demanding kiss. She squirmed, uttering muted protests.

Suddenly, a distant, eerie howl echoed through the quiet night. Frank reared back, startled, hairs bristling on the nape of his neck, and glanced to the window. "What the hell is that?" he exclaimed.

"A wolf," the blonde said simply.

Frank eyed her narrowly. "There ain't been a wolf in this state for years!"

"There is now."

Frank set scowling as the god-awful howling continued. Whatever the thing was, it sure set his back teeth on edge. He looked down at the blonde and was annoyed to see her watching him calmly. Why wasn't she as bothered as he was?

The chilling howls grew nearer.

The mood broken, Frank's thoughts turned to escape. "To hell with it, we're leaving." He rolled her onto her stomach and began picking at the knots to the rope connecting her bound wrists and ankles. "The po-lice won't be lookin' for a man traveling with his family." He tossed the rope aside and dragged her to a sitting position. "And if somethin' goes wrong, you and your brat will make good hostages."

"No!" she screamed, struggling to shake off his hands. "Please don't take us with you!" Frank ended her protests with a vicious backhand, and leaned down to untie her ankles.

There was a sudden explosion of glass.

Frank leaped back from the bed and stared past the blonde at the hideous form of a huge, shaggy werewolf, slaver dribbling from its sharp yellow fangs, standing before the shattered window on two legs. Its stench was overwhelming. For a moment, all Frank could do was gape in silent horror as the fearsome creature stood growling savagely. Then it shambled toward him. Frank moaned in terror, his hand dove to the gun in his coat pocket. Fangs bared, the hellish fiend continued toward him, its rancid breath preceding it.

Feeling the horrid thing's hot breath, Frank fired wildly. The bullets had no effect. Then it was upon him, its sharp fangs tearing at his throat. A red geyser erupted from his severed jugular, bathing the creature's horrible face in his warm life's blood.

"I warned you to go before my husband came home," the blonde said calmly.

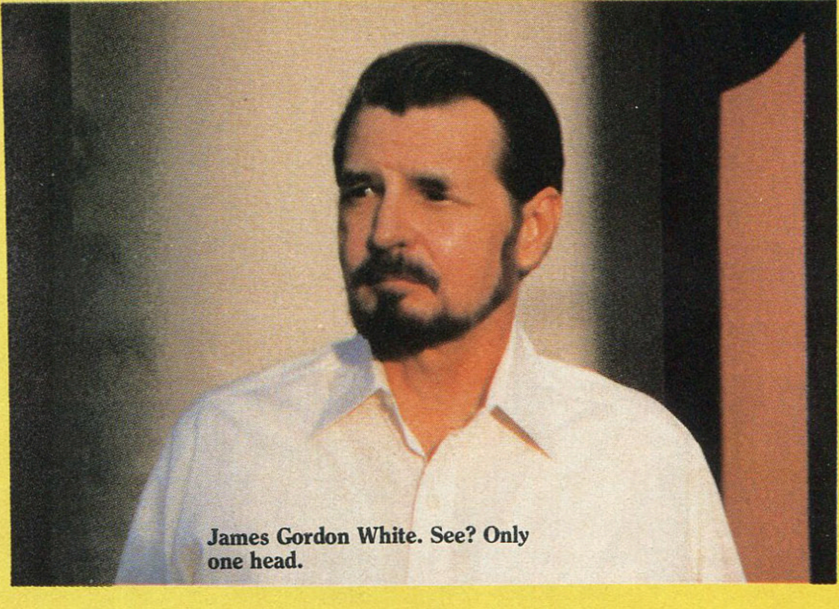
Two-Headed Talent

This is one of those stories you can't talk about without spilling the beans or tipping the writer's hand. (Hand-tipping is truly one of the horrors every wordworker fears like the plague.) But I *can* talk about versatility, like that shown by the remarkable Jim White—especially since you're already acquainted with it, even if you're not aware that you are!

Not many writers have, you see, the flexibility to make it in more than one medium. Off the top of my single and non-transplanted head, a scant few names come to mind: Richard Matheson, Ray Bradbury, William F. Nolan (who wrote *Logan's Run* and *Burnt Offerings*), and Richard Christian Matheson, the screenwriter whose short stories were collected in the 1988 paperback, *Scars and Other Distinguishing Marks*.

The latter Matheson has said there's a reason why more novelists are not asked to write scripts from their own work and why screenwriters seldom make good short story writers or novelists: The forms are quite different. Screenplays rarely contain description or long conversations, while published prose can't use meaningful facial expressions or gestures. Without FX, an author expects the reader to "imagine along" with him.

Now a new name dips into the fictive waters, one whose movie work you have often seen. Once the only staff writer for American International Pictures, James Gordon White has written words uttered by such actors as Dennis Hopper, John Carradine, Bruce Dern, Lana Wood, Ray Milland, Patty McCormack and Ralph Meeker. They spoke them in beloved flicks including *The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant*, *Hellcats*, *Bigfoot* and *The Thing with Two Heads*. White has also scripted George Montgomery's comeback movie, *Ransom* (due out in 1989).



James Gordon White. See? Only one head.

Now he has written words of wrath and rue for you to *read*. This is the second published short story by the veteran filmwriter, the first (called "The Big Score") having appeared in *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine* back in '84. White has another new one coming up in *Green Feather*—titled, cinematically enough, "Virgin Sacrifice"—and he's collaborating with his wife—generally a sound idea—on a horror novel-in-progress. He becomes a published novelist just about now, with a sword and sorcery thriller called *The Nomad Queen*. Leisure Books liked it well enough to demand a sequel, and that's finished, too, under the working title *Palace of Evil*.

Sometimes, you see, it pays to have two heads. If you ever lose yours, then you can still show up for a skull session.

—J.N. Williamson

Dell will publish J.N. Williamson's The Black School *next month.*

FUTURE SHOCK

Can you believe it? GOREZONE is a whole year old! We'll be kicking out the jams with an all-color, expanded, bloodsoaked blowout volume. Listen, if you've been scared by any issue so far, you'll be terrified when you see the next one.

Part of the festivities will be a tour of the **KNB EFX** Group's makeup lab. This new outfit—created by the terror triumvirate of Robert Kurtzman, Greg Nicotero and Howard Berger, all of them veteran Tom Savini associates—will provide the splatter in Scott Spiegel's INTRUDER, Sean Cunningham's THE HORROR SHOW, DR. HACKENSTEIN and NIGHTWISH. This profile gives you your first peek at the new kings of gore.

That's not all! Everything about this edition will be enlarged, with coverage of Troma's TOXIC AVENGER II, Stephen King's PET SEMATARY and THE FLY II. The fiction section will be bigger than ever, featuring a spine-chilling vampire tale. You'll get even more movie reviews and video previews—and, of course, more gore.

Over the course of our maiden year, we've weeded out the wimps from the true grue fiends. Now we get to celebrate! Come to the anniversary! Don't miss the bonus-size bloodbash we call GOREZONE #7!

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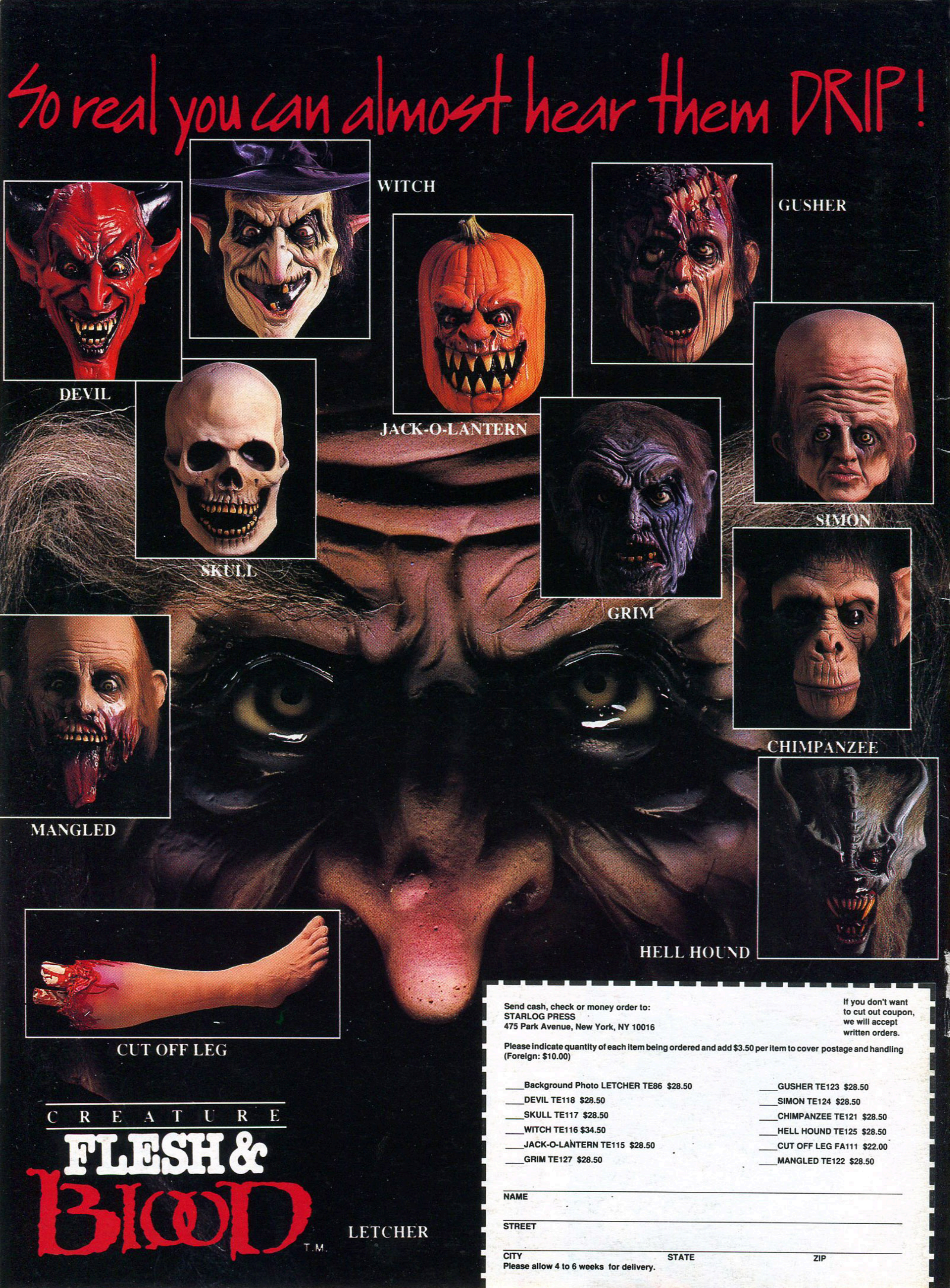
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